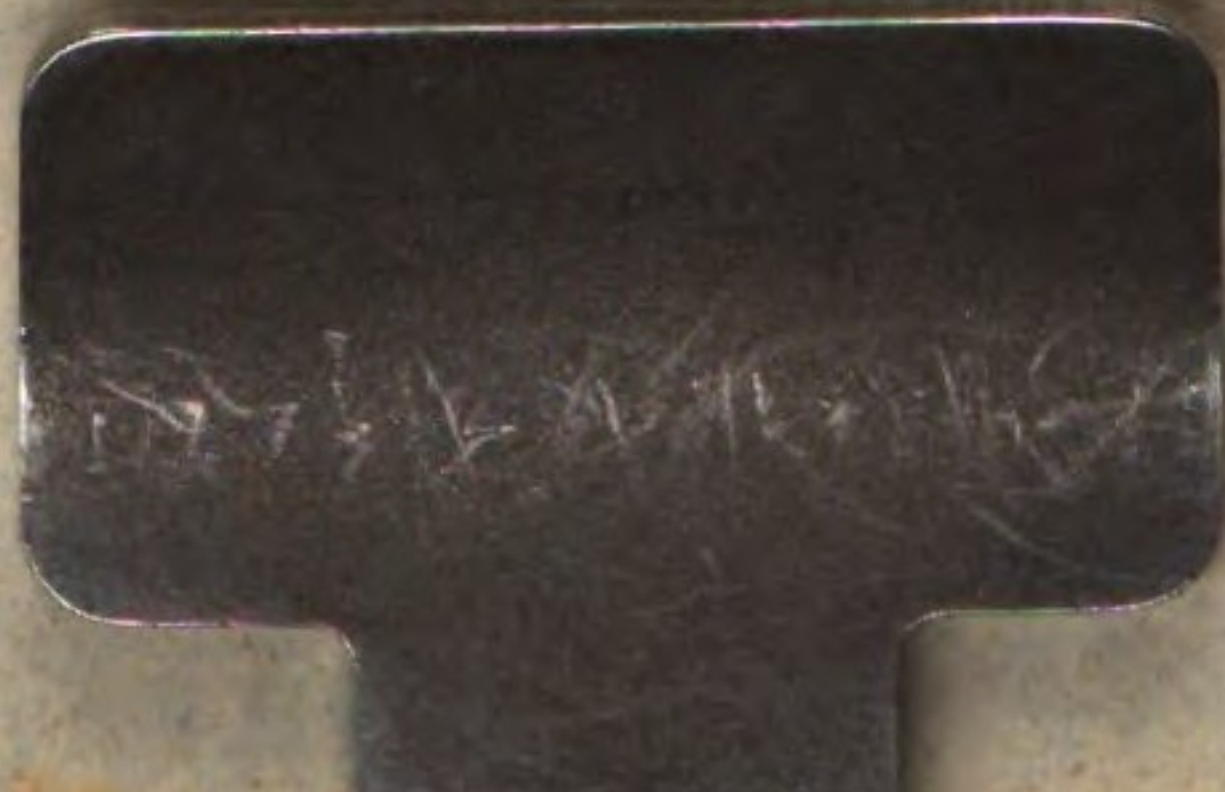


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TICKELL.

And thus the hoary priest invokes his god.

See page 127 line 30.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS TICKELL.

WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Edition.

Permit these lines by thee to live—nor blame
A muse that pants and languishes for fame,
That fears to sink when humbler themes she sings,
Lost in the mafs of mean forgotten things.
Receiv'd by thee I prophesy my Rhymes
The praise of virgins in succeeding times:
Mix'd with thy works their life no bounds shall see,
But stand protected as inspir'd by thee.

So some weak shoot which else would poorly rise
Jove's tree adopts, and lifts him to the skies;
Thro' the new pupil fost'ring juices flow,
Thrust forth the gems and gives the flow'rs to blow;
Aloft, immortal reigns the plant unknown
With borrow'd life and vigour not his own.

To supposed Auth. of Spect.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

London:

Printed for C. COOKE, No. 17, Paternoster-Row,
And sold by all the Booksellers in
Great Britain.



BIBLIOTHECA

REGIA

MONACENSIS

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS TICKELL.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANIES,
EPISTLES,

ODES,
TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

Why praise we, prodigal of fame,
The rage that sets the world on flame?
My guiltless Muse his brow shall bind
Whose godlike bounty spares mankind.
Ode to Sunderland.

Simple I, and innocent of art,
The tale that sooth'd my infant years impart,
The tale I heard whole winter-eves untir'd,
And sing the battles that my nurse inspir'd
Kens. Garden.

By nature fitted for an humble theme,
A painted prospect or a murm'ring stream,
To tune a vulgar note in Echo's praise,
Whilst Echo's self resounds the flatt'ring lays,
Or whilst I tell how Myra's charms surprise
Paint roses on her cheeks and suns within her eyes.
Oxford.

London:
PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED
Under the Direction of
C. COOKE.

LIFE OF TICKELL.

THOMAS TICKELL, an author who acquired an eminent degree in the rank of poetry and literature, was born in 1686, at Bridekirk, near Carlisle, in the county of Cumberland. His father, who possessed a considerable church-living in that part, put him to the grammar school in Carlisle, from which he was removed to Queen's College, Oxford, in 1701; where he applied himself to his studies with such diligence that, in 1708, he was admitted to the degree of Master of Arts, and two years after chosen Fellow, for which, as he did not comply with the statutes by taking orders, he obtained a dispensation from the Crown.

Tickell did not pass his life in the more abstruse studies of the closet, but entered early into the busy world, and became known to Addison, Steele, and other characters eminent for their talents and literature. He is said to have gained the friendship of Addison by his verses in praise of the English Opera of Rosamond, in which he censures the Italian Opera, as a vehicle of harmonious absurdity, and compares the softness of the English Bard to Corelli, and his strength to Virgil, as appears from the following lines—

“ The Opera first Italian masters taught,
“ Enrich'd with songs, but innocent of thought;
“ Britannia's learn'd Theatre disdains
“ Melodious trifles, and enervate strains,
“ And blushes, on her injur'd stage to see
“ Nonsense well tun'd, and sweet stupidity.
“ No charms are wanted to thy artful song,
“ Soft as Corelli, and as Virgil strong.”

Dr. Johnson remarks that, “ To those verses it would not have been just to deny regard; for they contain some of the most elegant encomiastic strains; and, among the innumerable poems of the same kind, it will be hard to find one with which they need to fear a comparison. It may deserve observation, that when Pope wrote long afterwards in praise of Addison he has copied, or at least resembled, Tickell.”

“ Let joy salute fair Rosamonda's shade,
“ And wreaths of myrtle crown the lovely maid.
“ While now, perhaps, with Dido's ghost she roves,
“ And hears and tells the story of their loves,
“ Alike they mourn, alike they bleis their fate
“ Since love which made them wretched, made them
great.

“ Nor longer that relentless doom bemoan,
 “ Which gain’d a Virgil, and an Addison.

TICKELL.

“ The future ages with delight shall see
 “ How Plato’s, Bacon’s, Newton’s, looks agree ;
 “ Or in fair series laurel d bards be shown,
 “ A Virgil there, and here an Addison.”

POPE.

When the Spectator was first undertaken by Steele, Addison, and other eminent literary characters, Tickell is supposed to have contributed to that useful and entertaining production ; but his papers have not been ascertained. Those marked with the letter R are confessedly Steele’s, as are many of those marked with T. It has been said, that the latter mark was sometimes used by Tickell. However it is known that he wrote a copy of verses to the supposed Author of the Spectator, inserted in Number 632, in which a high praise is bestowed, on the beneficial effects, which must attend Steele’s papers in the “ Tatler,” against sharpers.

“ From felon gamesters the raw ’squire is free,
 “ And Britain owes her rescu’d oaks to thee.

He was also a considerable contributor to the Guardian. When the ministers of Queen Anne were negotiating a peace with the cabinet of Versailles, Tickell published “ The Prospect of Peace,” a poem addressed to the Lord Privy Seal, one of the negociators. The design of this poem was to reclaim the nation from the pride and ambition of conquest, to the delights and pleasures of peace and tranquillity. On this production Dr. Johnson has the following observations :

“ How far Tickell, whom Swift afterwards mentioned as *Whiggissimus*, had then connected himself with any party I know not ; this poem certainly did not flatter the practices, or promote the opinions of the men by whom he was after befriended. Mr. Addison, however he hated the men then in power, suffered his friendship to prevail over his public spirit, and gave, in the Spectator, such praises on Tickell’s Poem, that when, after having long wished to peruse it, I laid hold on it last, I thought it unequal to the honours which it had received, and found it a piece to be approved rather than admired. But the hope excited by a work of genius, being general and indefinite, is rarely gratified. It was read at that time with so much favour, that six editions were printed and sold.”

Here it may be observed, that the rapid sale of a composition on a temporary subject, and especially one of a political nature, is no test of its intrinsic merit ; for the violent effusions of Sacheverell’s frantic bigotry had a much more extensive sale than

than Tickell's Poem, which was certainly entitled to a favourable reception, though Dr. Johnson "found it a piece to be approved rather than admired"—And it may be further remarked, that Addison, in the candour of liberal criticism, overlooking the political tendency of "The Prospect of Peace," bestows in the Spectator very high encomiums on the poetry.

On the appearance of the Tragedy of Cato, Tickell was among the number of Bards who presented their offerings to the Author, and his verses were deemed superior to any written upon the occasion, except the Prologue by Pope, and the elegant lines by Jeffries.

On the arrival and accession of George I. our Author, who, as an assertor of the cause of liberty, was warmly attached to the House of Hanover, produced a Poem, called "The Royal Progress," which was inserted in the Spectator, with considerable encomiums on its merit.

When the Hanoverian Succession was disputed, and the friends of the reigning family were apprehensive of designs to its prejudice, Tickell wrote an "Epistle from a Lady in England to a Gentleman at Avignon," to invalidate the claim of the Pretender to the Crown of these realms, and reprobate the schemes of his abettors. That production, Dr. Johnson says, "stands high among party poems; it expresses contempt without coarseness, and superiority without insolence. It had the success which it deserved, being five times printed.

Having now entered into a most intimate connection with Addison, he was patronised at Court, and when his friend went over to Ireland, as Secretary to Lord Sunderland, the Viceroy, he attended him thither, and was employed in public business.

The most important poetical incident in the Life of Tickell, was his publication of the first book of the Iliad, as translated by himself, in apparent opposition to Pope's Homer, of which the first part made its entrance into the world at the same time.

To apologise for presenting his version to the public at such a juncture this advertisement was prefixed; "I must inform the reader, that when I began the first book, I had some thoughts of translating the whole Iliad; but I had the pleasure of being diverted from that design, by finding the work was fallen into a much abler hand: I would not, therefore, be thought to have any other view in publishing this small specimen of Homer's Iliad, than to bespeak, if possible, the favour of the public to a Translation of Homer's Odyssey, wherein I have made some progress."

Addison declared that the rival versions were both good; but that Tickell's was the best that ever was made, and with Addison,

dison, those of the literati, who were his adherents, were certain to concur.

The translations published at the same time were certainly meant as rivals to one another. We cannot convey a more adequate idea of this than in the words of Pope, in a letter to James Craggs, Esq. dated 15th of July, 1715.

“ Sir,

“ They tell me the busy part of the nation are not more busy about the Whig and Tory than these idle fellows of the feather about Mr. Tickell’s and my translation. I, like the Tories, have the town in general, that is, the mob, on my side; but it is usual with the smaller party to make up in industry what they want in number, and that is the case with the little Senate of Cato. However, if our principles be well considered, I must appear a brave Whig, and Mr. Tickell a rank Tory. I translated Homer for the public in general, he, to gratify the inordinate desires of one man only. We have, it seems, a great Turk in poetry, who can never bear a brother on the throne; and has his mutes too, a set of meddlers, winkers, and whisperers, whose business it is to strangle all other offsprings of wit in their birth. The new translator of Homer is the humblest slave he has, that is to say, his first minister; let him receive the honours he gives me, but receive them with fear and trembling; let him be proud of the approbation of his absolute Lord; I appeal to the people as my rightful judges and masters; and, if they are not inclined to condemn me, I fear no arbitrary high-flying proceedings from the Court of Faction, at Button’s. But, after all I have said of this great man, there is no rupture between us; we are each of us so civil and obliging that neither thinks he is obliged; and I, for my part, treat with him as we do with the Grand Monarch, who has too many great qualities not to be respected, though we know he watches any occasion to oppress us.”

Pope did not long think Addison an impartial judge; for he considered him as the writer of Tickell’s Version. The reasons for his suspicion, which are as follow, were literally transcribed by Dr. Johnson from Mr. Spence’s Collection.

“ There had been a coldness (said Pope) between Mr. Addison and me for some time, and we had not been in company together for a good while, any where but at Button’s Coffee-house, where I used to see him almost every day. — On his meeting me there, one day in particular, he took me aside; and said he should be glad to dine with me at such a tavern, if I staid till those people were gone, alluding to Budgell and Phillips. — We went accordingly, and after dinner, Mr. Addison said, “ That he wanted, for some time, to talk with me; that his

his friend Tickell had formerly, while at Oxford, translated the first book of the Iliad; that he designed to print it, and had desired him to look it over; that he must therefore beg I would not desire him to look over my first book, because, if he did, it would have the air of double-dealing." I assured him that I did not at all take it ill of Mr. Tickell, that he was going to publish his translation; that he certainly had as much right to translate any author as myself; and, that publishing both was entering on a fair stage. I then added, that I would not desire him to look over my first book of the Iliad, because he had looked over Mr. Tickell's; but could wish to have the benefit of his observations on my second, which I had then finished, and which Mr. Tickell had not touched upon. Accordingly I sent him the second book the next morning; and Mr. Addison a few days after returned it, with very high commendations.—Soon after it was generally known that Mr. Tickell was publishing the first book of the Iliad, I met Dr. Young in the street, and, upon our falling into that subject, the Doctor expressed a great deal of surprise at Tickell's having had such a translation so long by him. He said, that it was inconceivable to him, and that there must be some mistake in the matter; that each used to communicate to the other whatever verses they wrote, even to the least things; that Tickell could not have been busied in so large a work there, without his knowing something of the matter; and that he had never heard a single word of it, till on this occasion." This surprise of Dr. Young, together with what Steele has said against Tickell in relation to this affair, make it highly probable, that there was some underhand dealing in that business; and, indeed, Tickell himself, who is a very fair worthy man, has since, in a manner, as good as owned it to me. When it was introduced into a conversation between Tickell and Pope, by a third person, Tickell did not deny it; which, considering his honour, and his zeal for his departed friend, was the same as owning it."

Upon these suspicions, with which Dr. Warburton hints that other circumstances concurred; Pope, always in his *Art of Sinking*, quotes this Version as the work of Addison; though the circumstances of the publication by no means prove that Addison was the translator, nor in any degree justify the meanness and disingenuity alledged by Pope against him.

Addison had a very particular regard for Tickell, and probably might have revised his Version, and approved of the publication, to confer a pecuniary obligation on him by promoting a subscription for his *Odyssey*; but, it is evident he had no intention to oppose Pope, for at the time of the appearance

ance of Tickell's Version, opposition to Pope could not do him any material injury. His subscription was full, and his contract with his bookseller completely performed. Had Addison been disposed to obstruct Pope's Translation, the time for effecting his purpose, would have been when the subscription was beginning. He might then have promoted a subscription for Tickell, which would have interfered with that of Pope's; for the influence of Addison, with the Whigs, was fully equal with that of Swift with the Tories. With those who were of neither party, his recommendation would have had more weight than Swift's, as he was infinitely more respectable in his character, from the suavity of his temper, and the elegance of his manners. That Addison had any intention of publishing a version of the Iliad, there is not even probable evidence. Had he been actuated by jealousy, envy, or malevolence, he certainly would not have spoken so highly of Pope's Iliad, as he did in "The Freeholder."—

"The Translation of the first book of the Iliad, (says Mr. Nichols,) which has been ascribed to Tickell, was said to be in reality the production of Addison, to prejudice that which Pope had undertaken: a notion certainly without foundation. Mr. Watts, the printer, assured a friend of mine, that the Translation of the first book of the Iliad was in Tickell's handwriting, but much corrected and interlined by Addison."

Johnson remarks on the two productions in the following manner:

"To compare the two Translations would be tedious; the palm is now given universally to Pope; but I think the first lines of Tickell's were rather to be preferred, and Pope seems to have since borrowed something from them in the correction of his own."

When Tickell's friend, Addison, was appointed Secretary of State, he made him under Secretary; and Addison, upon his resignation, recommended him to the patronage of Craggs, his successor, in such liberal terms, that he was continued in place till the death of that great and good man; whose virtues recommended him to the love and esteem of all parties and professions in general.

The friendship between Addison and Tickell seems to have continued without abatement; for when Addison died he left Tickell the charge of publishing his works, which, on his death bed, he had dedicated to Secretary Craggs. To these works he prefixed an account of the life and an elegy on the death of the Author, addressed to the Earl of Warwick, his son-in-law, replete with genuine tenderness.—The language is elegant, and the sentiment forcibly expressive of the moral and intellectual

intellectual excellence of a deceased friend, and the poignant grief felt for his loss. It is a remarkable circumstance that Craggs, to whom Addison had dedicated his works, died before they were published; and that the Earl of Warwick, to whom the verses on Addison were dedicated, died likewise before their publication.

The literary and personal merit of Tickell ensured him the continuance of that patronage from the great, which he had acquired through the interest of his friend. In 1725 he was made Secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland, a place of great honour and emolument, in which he continued till 1740, when he died at Bath, on the 23d of April, in the 54th year of his age.

Tickell, with respect to his personal character, was a man of pleasing manners, un sullied honour, and inflexible integrity. His conversation was gay and sprightly, he was an agreeable convivial companion; and, according to Dr. Johnson's account, at least, a temperate lover of wine, and in his domestic relations without censure.—

His literary character is highly respectable, his writings discover a mind well stored with knowledge, and a heart susceptible of the tenderest feelings. As a Poet, generally speaking, his diction is elegant, his judgment correct, his allusions are apposite, and his numbers harmonious.

Goldsmith remarks, that throughout all Tickell's poetry, there is a strain of what he calls *Ballad-thinking* to be found. Critics acknowledge the justice of this remark, and observe, that to this strain our Author is not a little indebted for the reception he has met with. Whether he had it from reading or from nature cannot now be known, as no memoirs of his life are satisfactory enough to inform us of his particular studies. His beautiful ballad of *Colin and Lucy*, probably, assumed a tincture of tenderness and simplicity, from his taste for our obscurer writers; a taste which his friend Addison undoubtedly possessed, in a degree superior to any of his contemporaries, except Rowe, as appears by his elegant critique on "*Chevy Chace*," and various scattered notices of a congenial nature in his periodical papers.

Dr. Warton says that, "in the few things that Tickell wrote, there appear to be a peculiar terseness and neatness. Highly elegant and polished are his verses on the death of Addison."——

Dr. Johnson observes that, "the Elegy on Addison could owe none of its beauties to the assistance which might be suspected to have strengthened or embellished his earlier compositions; but neither he nor Addison ever produced nobler lines than

than are contained in the third and fourth paragraphs; nor is a more sublime or more elegant funeral poem to be found in the whole compass of English literature."

The same critic further observes that, "the versification of his Poem entitled *Kensington Gardens*, is smooth and elegant, but the fiction unskilfully compounded of Grecian Deities and Gothic Fairies. Neither species of these exploded Beings could have done much, and when they are brought together they only make each other contemptible. To Tickell, however, cannot be denied a high place among the minor poets; nor should it be forgotten that he was one of the contributors to the *Spectator*."——A more candid censor remarks, on the last observation of Johnson, that, "if by the term *minor Poet* the quantity of his poetry is meant, he is not improperly so called; but, if the quality is understood, it is a disparagement. If he cannot be placed in the first rank of poets, he has at least an unexceptionable claim to the second."——

Finis.



MISCELLANIES.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE LORD PRIVY SEAL,
ON THE PROSPECT OF PEACE.

“ ——— Sacerdos

“ Fronde super Mitram, et felici comptus Oliva.”

VIRG.

TO THE LORD PRIVY SEAL.

CONTENDING kings and fields of death too long
Have been the subject of the British song.
Who hath not read of fam'd Ramillia's plain,
Bavaria's fall, and Danube chok'd with slain?
Exhausted themes! a gentler note I raise, 5
And sing returning Peace in softer lays.
Their fury quell'd, and martial rage allay'd,
I wait our heroes in the sylvan shade.
Disbanding hosts are imag'd to my mind,
And warring pow'rs in friendly leagues combin'd ; 10
While ease and pleasure make the nations smile,
And Heav'n and Anna bless Britannia's isle.

Well sends our queen her mitred Bristol forth,
For early counsels fam'd and long-try'd worth,
Who thirty rolling years had oft' withheld 15
The Swede and Saxon from the dusty field,
Completely form'd to heal the Christian wounds,
To name the kings, and give each kingdom bounds,
The face of ravag'd Nature to repair,
By leagues to soften earth, and Heav'n by pray'r, 20
To gain by love, where rage and slaughter fail,
And make the crozier o'er the sword prevail.

So when great Moses with Jehovah's wand
Had scatter'd plagues o'er stubborn Pharaoh's land,
Now spread an host of locusts round the shore, 25
Now turn'd Nile's fatt'ning streams to putrid gore,
Plenty and gladness mark'd the priest of God,
And sudden almonds shot from Aaron's rod.

O Thou! from whom these bounteous blessings flow,
To whom as chief the hopes of Peace we owe, 30

(For next to thee, the man whom kings contend
 To style companion, and to make their friend,
 Great Strafford ! rich in ev'ry courtly grace,
 With joyful pride accepts the second place)
 From Britain's isle and Isis' sacred spring 35
 One hour, oh ! listen while the Muses sing.
 Tho' ministers of mighty monarchs wait
 With beating hearts to learn their masters' fate,
 One hour forbear to speak thy queen's commands,
 Nor think the world thy charge neglected stands ; 40
 The blissful prospects in my verse display'd,
 May lure the stubborn, the deceiv'd persuade ;
 Ev'n thou to Peace shalt speedier urge the way,
 And more be hasten'd by this short delay. 44

POEM ON THE PROSPECT OF PEACE.

THE haughty Gaul in ten campaigns o'erthrown,
 Now ceas'd to think the western world his own.
 Oft' had he mourn'd his boasting leaders bound,
 And his proud bulwarks smoking on the ground.
 In vain with pow'rs renew'd he fill'd the plain, 5
 Made tim'rous vows and brib'd the saints in vain ;
 As oft' his legions did the fight decline,
 Lurk'd in the trench, and sculk'd behind the line.
 Before his eyes the fancy'd jav'lin gleams,
 At feasts he starts, and seems dethron'd in dreams ; 10
 On glory past reflects with secret pain,
 On mines exhausted and on millions slain.

To Briton's queen the sceptred suppliant bends,
 To her his crowns and infant race commends,
 Who grieves her fame with Christian blood to buy, 15
 Nor asks for glory at a price so high.
 At her decree the war suspended stands,
 And Britain's heroes hold their lifted hands ;
 Their open brows no threat'ning frowns disguise,
 But gentler passions sparkle in their eyes. 20
 The Gauls, who never in their courts could find
 Such temper'd fire with manly beauty join'd,
 Doubt if they're those whom dreadful to the view,
 In forms so fierce their fearful fancies drew,

At whose dire names ten thousand widows prest
 Their helpless orphans clinging to the breast.
 In silent rapture each his foe surveys;
 They vow firm friendship and give mutual praise.
 Brave minds howe'er at war are secret friends;
 Their gen'rous discord with the battle ends;
 In Peace they wonder whence dissension rose,
 And ask how souls so like could e'er be foes.

30

Methinks I hear more friendly shouts rebound,
 And social clarions mix their sprightly sound;
 The British flags are furl'd, her troops disband,
 And scatter'd armies seek their native land.

35

The hardy vet'ran proud of many a scar,
 The manly charms and honours of the war,
 Who hop'd to share his friends' illustrious doom,
 And in the battle find a soldier's tomb,
 Leans on his spear to take his farewell view,
 And sighing bids the glorious camp adieu.

40

Ye gen'rous Fair! receive the brave with smiles;
 O'erpay their sleepless nights and crown their toils:
 Soft beauty is the gallant soldier's due;
 For you they conquer, and they bleed for you.
 In vain proud Gaul with boastful Spain conspires
 When English valour English beauty fires.

45

The nations dread your eyes, and kings despair
 Of chiefs so brave till they have nymphs so fair.

50

See the fond wife, in tears of transport drown'd,
 Hugs her rough lord, and weeps o'er ev'ry wound,
 Hangs on the lips that fields of blood relate,
 And smiles or trembles at his various fate.

Near the full bowl he draws the fancy'd line,
 And marks feign'd trenches in the flowing wine,
 Then sets th' invested fort before her eyes,
 And mines that whirl'd battalions to the skies;
 His little list'ning progeny turn pale,
 And beg again to hear the dreadful tale.

55

60

Such dire achievements sings the bard that tells
 Of palfrey'd dames, bold knights, and magic spells,
 Where whole brigades one champion's arms o'erthrow,
 And cleave a giant at a random blow,

Slay paynims vile that force the fair, and tame 65
The goblin's fury, and the dragon's flame.

Our eager youth to distant nations run
To visit fields their valiant fathers won;
From Flandria's shore their country's fame they trace,
Till far Germania shews her blasted face. 70

Th' exulting Briton asks his mournful guide
Where his hard fate the lost Bavaria try'd,
Where Stepney grav'd the stone to Anna's fame?
He points to Blenheim, once a vulgar name.
Here fled the Household, there did Tallard yield, 75
Here Marlborough turn'd the fortune of the field:
On those steep banks near Danube's raging flood
The Gauls thrice started back and trembling stood:
When Churchill's arm perceiv'd they stood not long,
But plung'd amidst the waves a desp'rate throng! 80
Crowds whelm'd on crowds dash'd wide the wat'ry bed,
And drove the current to its distant head.

As when by Raphael's or by Kneller's hands
A warlike courser on the canvass stands,
Such as on Landen bleeding Ormond bore, 85
Or set young Ammon on the Granic shore,
If chance a gen'rous steed the work behold,
He snorts, he neighs, he champs the foamy gold;
So Hockstet seen tumult'ous passions roll,
And hints of glory fire the Briton's soul, 90
In fancy'd fights he sees the troops engage,
And all the tempest of the battle rage.

Charm me, ye Pow'rs! with scenes less nobly bright;
Far humbler thoughts th' inglorious Muse delight,
Content to see the honours of the field 95
By ploughshares levell'd or in flow'rs conceal'd.
O'er shatter'd walls may creeping ivy twine,
And grass luxuriant cloath the harmless mine;
Tame flocks ascend the breach without a wound,
Or crop the bastion, now a fruitful ground, 100
While shepherds sleep along the rampart laid,
Or pipe beneath the formidable shade.

Who was the man, oblivion blast his name,
Torn out and blotted from the list of fame!

Who fond of lawless rule and proudly brave
 First sunk the filial subject to a slave,
 His neighbours' realms by frauds unkingly gain'd,
 In guileless blood the sacred ermine stain'd,
 Laid schemes for death, to slaughter turn'd his heart,
 And fitted murder to the rules of art? 110

Ah! curst Ambition! to thy lures we owe
 All the great ills that mortals bear below;
 Curst by the hind when to the spoils he yields
 His year's whole sweat and vainly ripen'd fields;
 Curst by the maid torn from her lover's side 115
 When left a widow tho' not yet a bride;
 By mothers curst when floods of tears they shed,
 And scatter useless roses on the dead!
 Oh, sacred Bristol! then what dangers prove
 The arts thou smil'st on with paternal love! 120
 Then mix'd with rubbish by the brutal foes
 In vain the marble breathes the canvass glows;
 To shades obscure the glitt'ring sword pursues
 The gentle poet and defenceless Muse:
 A voice like thine alone might then assuage 125
 The warrior's fury and controul his rage;
 To hear thee speak might the fierce Vandal stand,
 And fling the brandish'd sabre from his hand.

Far hence be driv'n to Scythia's stormy shore
 The drum's harsh music, and the cannon's roar. 130
 Let grim Bellona haunt the lawless plain
 Where Tartar clans and grisly Cossacks reign;
 Let the steel'd Turk be deaf to matrons' cries,
 See virgins ravish'd with relentless eyes,
 To death grey heads and smiling infants doom, 135
 Nor spare the promise of the pregnant womb,
 O'erwasted kingdoms spread his wide command,
 The savage lord of an unpeopled land!

Her guileless glory just Britannia draws
 From pure religion and impartial laws; 140
 To Europe's wounds a mother's aid she brings,
 And holds in equal scales the rival kings:
 Her gen'rous sons in choicest gifts abound,
 Alike in arms, alike in arts renown'd.

As when sweet Venus (so the fable sings) 145
 Awak'd by Nereids from the ocean springs,
 With smiles she sees the threat'ning billows rise,
 Spreads smooth the surge and clears the low'ring skies,
 Light o'er the deep, with flutt'ring Cupids crown'd,
 The pearly couch and silver turtles bound, 150
 Her tresses shed ambrosial odours round.

Amidst the world of waves so stands serene
 Britannia's isle, the Ocean's stately queen!
 In vain the nations have conspir'd her fall,
 Her trench the sea, and fleets her floating wall: 155
 Defenceless barks, her pow'rful navy near,
 Have only waves and hurricanes to fear.
 What bold invader, or what land oppress'd
 Hath not her anger quell'd, her aid redrest!
 Say where have e'er her Union Crosses fail'd 160
 But much her arms, her justice more prevail'd!
 Her labours are to plead th' Almighty's cause,
 Her pride to teach th' untam'd Barbarian laws.
 Who conquers, wins by brutal strength the prize,
 But t'is a godlike work to civilize. 165

Have we forgot how from great Russia's throne
 The king whose pow'r half Europe's regions own,
 Whose sceptre waving with one shout rush forth
 In swarms the harness'd millions of the north,
 Thro' realms of ice pursu'd his tedious way 170
 To court our friendship and our fame survey!
 Hence the rich prize of useful arts he bore,
 And round his empire spread the learned store:
 (T' adorn old realms is more than new to raise;
 His country's parent is a monarch's praise.) 175
 His bands now march in just array to war,
 And Caspian gulfs unusual navies bear;
 With Runic lays Smolensko's forests ring,
 And wond'ring Volga hears the Muses sing.
 Did not the painted kings of India greet 183
 Our Queen, and lay their sceptres at her feet?
 Chiefs who full bowls of hostile blood had quafft,
 Fam'd for the jav'lin and envenom'd shaft,

Whose haughty brows made savages adore,
 Nor bow'd to less than stars or sun before. 185
 Her pitying smile accepts their suppliant claim,
 And adds four monarchs to the Christian name.

Blest use of pow'r! O virtuous pride in kings!
 And like his bounty whence dominion springs! 189
 Which o'er new worlds makes Heav'n's indulgence shine,
 And ranges myriads under laws divine!
 Well bought with all that those sweet regions hold,
 With groves of spices and with mines of gold.

Fearless our merchant now pursues his gain,
 And roams securely o'er the boundless main. 195
 Now o'er his head the polar Bear he spies,
 And freezing spangles of the Lapland skies;
 Now swells his canvass to the sultry line,
 With glitt'ring spoils where Indian grottos shine,
 Where fumes of incense glad the southern seas, 200
 And wafted citron scents the balmy breeze.

Here nearer suns prepare the rip'ning gem
 To grace great Anne's imperial diadem;
 And here the ore whose melted mass shall yield
 On faithful coins each memorable field, 205
 Which mix'd with medals of immortal Rome
 May clear disputes and teach the times to come.

In circling beams shall godlike Anna glow,
 And Churchill's sword hang o'er the prostrate foe;
 In comely wounds shall bleeding worthies stand, 210
 Webb's firm platoon and Lumley's faithful band;
 Bold Mordaunt in Iberian trophies drest,
 And Campbell's Dragon on his dauntless breast;
 Great Ormond's deeds on Vigo's spoils enroll'd,
 And Guiscard's knife on Harley's Chili gold: 215
 And if the Muse, O Bristol! might decree,
 Here Granville noted by the lyre should be,
 The lyre for Granville and the cross for thee.

Such are the honours grateful Britain pays,
 So patriots merit, and so monarchs praise: 220
 O'er distant times such records shall prevail
 When English numbers antiquated fail:

A trifling song the Muse can only yield,
 And sooth her soldiers panting from the field;
 To sweet retirements see them safe convey'd, 225
 And raise their battles in the rural shade.

From fields of death to Woodstock's peaceful glooms,
 (The poet's haunt) Britannia's hero comes—
 Begin, my Muse! and softly touch the string;
 Here Henry lov'd, and Chaucer learnt to sing. 230

Hail, fabled Grotto! hail, Elysian Soil!
 Thou fairest spot of fair Britannia's isle!
 Where kings of old conceal'd forgot the throne,
 And beauty was content to shine unknown,
 Where Love and War by turns pavilions rear, 235
 And Henry's bow'rs near Blenheim's dome appear,
 The weary'd champion lull in soft alcoves,
 The noblest boast of thy romantic groves.

Oft' if the Muse presage shall he be seen
 By Rosamonda fleeting o'er the green, 240
 In dreams be hail'd by heroes' mighty shades,
 And hear old Chaucer warble thro' the glades;
 O'er the fam'd echoing vaults his name shall bound,
 And hill to hill reflect the fav'rite sound.

Here, here at least thy love for arms give o'er, 245
 Nor one world conquer'd fondly wish for more;
 Vice of great souls alone! O thirst of fame!
 The Muse admires it while she strives to blame.
 Thy toils be now to chase the bounding deer,
 Or view the coursers stretch in wild career. 250

This lovely scene shall sooth thy soul to rest,
 And wear each dreadful image from thy breast;
 With pleasure by thy conquests shalt thou see
 Thy queen triumphant, and all Europe free:
 No cares henceforth shall thy repose destroy, 255
 But what thou giv'st the world thyself enjoy.

Sweet Solitude! when life's gay hours are past
 Howe'er we range in thee we fix at last:
 Tost thro' tempest'ous seas (the voyage o'er)
 Pale we look back, and bless thy friendly shore: 260
 Our own strict judges our past life we scan,
 And ask if glory hath enlarg'd the span?

If bright the prospect we the grave defy,
Trust future ages, and contented die.

When strangers from far distant climes shall come
To view the pomp of this triumphant dome, 266
Where rear'd aloft dissembled trophies stand,
And breathing labours of the sculptor's hand,
Where Kneller's art shall paint the flying Gaul,
And Bourbon's woes shall fill the story'd wall, 270
Heirs of thy blood shall o'er their bounteous board
Fix Europe's guard, thy monumental sword,
Banners that oft' have wav'd on conquer'd walls,
And trumps that drown'd the groans of gasping Gauls;
Fair dames shall oft' with curious eye explore
The costly robes that slaughter'd gen'ral's wore, 276
Rich trappings from the Danube's whirlpools brought,
(Hesperian nuns the gorgeous broid'ry wrought)
Belts stiff with gold, the Boian horseman's pride,
And Gaul's fair flow'rs in human crimson dy'd. 280
Of Churchill's race perhaps some lovely boy
Shall mark the burnish'd steel that hangs on high,
Shall gaze transported on its glitt'ring charms,
And reach it struggling with unequal arms,
By signs the drum's tumult'ous sound request, 285
Then seek in starts the hushing mother's breast.

So in the painter's animated frame,
Where Mars embraces the soft Paphian dame,
The little Loves in sport his falchion wield,
Or join their strength to heave his pond'rous shield;
One strokes the plume in Tityon's gore imbru'd, 291
And one the spear that reeks with Typhon's blood,
Another's infant brows the helm sustain,
He nods his crest, and frights the shrieking train.

Thus the rude tempest of the field o'erblown 295
Shall whiter rounds of smiling years roll on,
Our victors blest in peace forget their wars,
Enjoy past dangers, and absolve the stars.
But, oh! what sorrows shall bedew your urns,
Ye honour'd Shades! whom widow'd Albion mourns?
If your thin forms yet discontented moan, 301
And haunt the mangled mansions once your own,

Behold what flow'rs the pious Muses strow,
 And tears which in the midst of triumph flow;
 Cypress and bays your envy'd brows surround, 305
 Your names the tender matron's heart shall wound,
 And the soft maid grow pensive at the sound!

Accept, great Anne! the tears their mem'ry draws
 Who nobly perish'd in their sov'reign's cause;
 For thou in pity bidst the war give o'er, 310
 Mourn'st thy slain heroes, nor wilt venture more.
 Vast price of blood on each victorious day!
 (But Europe's freedom doth that price repay.)
 Lamenting triumphs! when one breath must tell
 That Marlborough conquer'd, and that Dormer fell.

Great Queen! whose name strikes haughty monarchs
 pale, 316
 On whose just sceptre hangs Europa's scale,
 Whose arm like Mercy wounds, decides like Fate,
 On whose decree the nations anxious wait;
 From Albion's cliffs thy wide extended hand 320
 Shall o'er the main to far Peru command;
 So vast a track whose wide domain shall run
 Its circling skies shall see no setting sun!
 Thee, thee an hundred languages shall claim,
 And savage Indians swear by Anna's name; 325
 The lines and poles shall own thy rightful sway,
 And thy commands the sever'd globe obey.

Round the vast ball thy new dominions chain
 The wat'ry kingdoms and control the main;
 Magellan's straits to Gibraltar they join, 330
 Across the seas a formidable line.
 The sight of adverse Gaul we fear no more,
 But pleas'd see Dunkirk now a guiltless shore.
 In vain great Neptune tore the narrow ground,
 And meant his waters for Britannia's bound; 335
 Her giant Genius takes a mighty stride,
 And sets his foot beyond th' encroaching tide;
 On either bank the land its master knows,
 And in the midst the subject ocean flows.

So near proud Rhodes across the raging flood, 340
 Stupendous form! the vast Colossus stood,

(While at one foot their thronging gallies ride)
A whole hour's sail scarce reach'd the further side,
Betwixt his brazen thighs in loose array
Ten thousand streamers on the billows play.

345

By Harley's counsels Dunkirk now restor'd
To Britain's empire owns her ancient lord :
In him transfus'd his godlike father reigns,
Rich in the blood which swell'd that patriot's veins,
Who boldly faithful met his sov'reign's frown, 350
And scorn'd for gold to yield th' important town.
His son was born the ravish'd prey to claim,
And France still trembles at an Harley's name.

A fort so dreadful to our English shore
Our fleets scarce fear'd the sands or tempests more, 355
Whose vast expences to such sums amount,
That the tax'd Gaul scarce furnish'd out th' account,
Whose walls such bulwarks such vast tow'rs restrain,
Its weakest ramparts are the rocks and main.
His boast great Louis yields, and cheaply buys 360
Thy friendship, Anna ! with the mighty prize.
Holland repining, and in grief cast down,
Sees the new glories of the British crown.
Ah ! may they ne'r provoke thee to the fight,
Nor foes more dreadful than the Gaul invite ; 365
Soon may they hold the olive, soon assuage
Their secret murmurs, nor call forth thy rage
To rend their banks, and pour at one command
Thy realm the sea o'er their precarious land.

Henceforth be thine, Vicegerent of the skies ! 370
Scorn'd worth to raise, and Vice in robes chastise,
To dry the orphan's tears, and from the bar
Chase the brib'd judge, and hush the wordy war ;
Deny the curst blasphemer's tongue to rage,
And turn God's fury from an impious age. 375
Blest change ! the soldier's late destroying hand
Shall rear new temples in his native land ;
Mistaken zealots shall with fear behold,
And beg admittance in our sacred fold ;
On her own works the pious queen shall smile, 380
And turn her cares upon her fav'rite isle.

So the keen bolt a warrior angel aims,
 Array'd in clouds and wrapt in mantling flames;
 He bears a tempest on his sounding wings,
 And his red arm the forky vengeance flings: 385
 At length Heav'n's wrath appeas'd he quits the war
 To roll his orb, and guide his destin'd star,
 To shed kind fate, and lucky hours bestow,
 And smile propitious on the world below.

Around thy throne shall faithful nobles wait, 360
 These guard the church, and those direct the state.
 To Bristol, graceful in maternal tears,
 The Church her tow'ry forehead gently rears;
 She begs her pious son t' assert her cause,
 Defend her rights, and reinforce her laws; 95
 With holy zeal the sacred work begin
 To bend the stubborn and the meek to win.

Our Oxford's Earl in careful thought shall stand
 To raise his queen and save a sinking land. 399
 The wealthiest glebe to rav'nons Spaniards known
 He marks, and makes the golden world our own,
 Content with hands unsoil'd to guard the prize,
 And keep the store with undesiring eyes.

So round the tree that bore Hesperian gold
 The sacred watch lay curl'd in many a fold; 405
 His eyes uprearing to th' untasted prey.
 The sleepless guardian wasted life away.

Beneath the peaceful olives rais'd by you
 Her ancient pride shall ev'ry art renew,
 (The arts with you fam'd Harcourt shall defend, 410
 And courtly Bolingbroke, the Muse's friend.)
 With piercing eye some search where Nature plays,
 And trace the wanton thro' her darksome maze,
 Whence health from herbs, from seeds how groves be-
 How vital streams in circling eddies run; [gun,
 Some teach why round the sun the spheres advance
 In the fix'd measures of their mystic dance; 417
 How tides when heav'd by pressings moons o'erflow,
 And sunborn Iris paints her show'ry bow.
 In happy chains our daring language bound 420
 Shall sport no more in arbitrary sound,

But buskin'd bards henceforth shall wisely rage,
 And Grecian plans reform Britannia's stage.
 Till Congreve bids her smile Augusta stands,
 And longs to weep when flowing Rowe commands.
 Britain's Spectators shall their strength combine 426
 To mend our morals, and our taste refine,
 Fight virtue's cause, stand up in wit's defence,
 Win us from vice, and laugh us into sense.
 Nor, Prior! hast thou hush'd the trump in vain; 430
 The lyre shall now revive her mirthful strain;
 New tales shall now be told: if right I see
 The soul of Chaucer is restor'd in thee.
 Garth in majestic numbers to the stars
 Shall raise mock heroes and fantastic wars. 435
 Like the young spreading laurel, Pope! thy name
 Shoots up with strength, and rises into fame.
 With Philips shall the peaceful vallies ring,
 And Britain hear a second Spenser sing.
 That much lov'd youth whom Utrecht's walls confine
 To Bristol's praises shall his Strafford's join: 441
 He too from whom attentive Oxford draws
 Rules for just thinking, and poetic laws,
 To growing bards his learned aid shall lend,
 The strictest critic, and the kindest friend. 445
 Ev'n mine, a bashful Muse, whose rude essays
 Scarce hope for pardon, not aspire to praise,
 Cherish'd by you in time may grow to fame,
 And mine survive with Bristol's glorious name.
 Fir'd with the views this glitt'ring scene displays,
 And smit with passion for my country's praise, 451
 My artless reed attempts this lofty theme,
 Where sacred Isis rolls her ancient stream;
 In cloister'd domes the great Philippa's pride,
 Where learning blooms while fame and worth preside,
 Where the fifth Henry arts and arms was taught, 456
 And Edward form'd his Cressy yet unfought,
 Where laurell'd bards have struck the warbling strings,
 The seat of sages, and the nurse of kings.
 Here thy commands, O Lancaster! inflame 460
 My eager breast to raise the British name,

Urge on my soul with no ignoble pride
 To woo the Muse whom Addison enjoy'd,
 See that bold swan to Heav'n sublimely soar,
 Pursue at distance, and his steps adore.

465

THE ROYAL PROGRESS.

WHEN Brunswick first appear'd each honest heart
 Intent on verse disdain'd the rules of art ;
 For him the songsters in unmeasur'd odes
 Debas'd Alcides, and dethron'd the gods,
 In golden chains the kings of India led
 Or rent the turban from the Sultan's head.
 One in old fables, and the Pagan strain
 Why nymphs and Tritons wafts him o'er the main ;
 Another draws fierce Lucifer in arms,
 And fills th' infernal region with alarms ;
 A third awakes some Druid to foretel
 Each future triumph from his dreary cell.
 Exploded fancies ! that in vain deceive,
 While the mind nauseates what she can't believe.
 My Muse th' expected hero shall pursue
 From clime to clime, and keep him still in view ;
 His shining march describe in faithful lays,
 Content to paint him, nor presume to praise :
 Their charms, if charms they have, the truth supplies,
 And from the theme unlabour'd beauties rise.
 By longing nations for the throne design'd,
 And call'd to guard the rights of humankind,
 With secret grief his godlike soul repines,
 And Britain's crown with joyless lustre shines,
 While pray'rs and tears his destin'd progress stay,
 And crowds of mourners choke their sov'reign's way.
 Not so he march'd when hostile squadrons stood
 In scenes of death, and fir'd his gen'rous blood ;
 When his hot courser paw'd th' Hungarian plain,
 And adverse legions stood the shock in vain,
 His frontiers past the Belgian bounds he views,
 And cross the level fields his march pursues :
 Here pleas'd the land of Freedom to survey,
 He greatly scorns the thirst of boundless sway :

O'er the thin soil with silent joy he spies
 Transplanted woods and borrow'd verdure rise,
 Where ev'ry meadow won with toil and blood
 From haughty tyrants and the raging flood,
 With fruit and flow'rs the careful hind supplies,
 And clothes the marshes in a rich disguise ;
 Such wealth for frugal hands doth Heav'n decree,
 And such thy gifts, celestial Liberty !

35

40

Thro' stately towns and many a fertile plain
 The pomp advances to the neighb'ring main,
 Whole nations crowd around with joyful cries,
 And view the hero with insatiate eyes.

45

In Haga's tow'rs he waits till eastern gales
 Propitious rise to swell the British sails ;
 Hither the fame of England's monarch brings
 The vows and friendships of the neighb'ring kings.
 Mature in wisdom, his extensive mind
 Takes in the blended int'rests of mankind.

50

The world's great patriot ! calm thy anxious breast ;
 Secure in him, O Europe ! take thy rest :
 Henceforth thy kingdoms shall remain confin'd
 By rocks or streams, the mounds which Heav'n design'd ;
 The Alps their new made monarch shall restrain,
 Nor shall thy hills, Pirene ! rise in vain.

55

But see ! to Briton's isle the squadrons stand,
 And leave the sinking tow'rs and less'ning land ;
 The royal bark bounds o'er the floating plain,
 Breaks thro' the billows and divides the main.
 O'er the vast deep, great Monarch ! dart thine eyes,
 A wat'ry prospect bounded by the skies ;
 Ten thousand vessels from ten thousand shores
 Bring gums and gold, and either India's stores ;
 Behold the tributes hast'ning to thy throne,
 And see the wide horizon all thy own !

60

65

Still is it thine. Tho' now the chearful crew
 Hail Albion's cliffs just whitening to the view,
 Before the wind with swelling sails they ride
 Till Thames receives them in his op'ning tide.
 The monarch hears the thund'ring peals around
 From trembling woods and echoing hills rebound,

70

Nor misses yet amid the deaf'ning train
The roarings of the hoarse resounding main.

As in the flood he sails from either side
He views his kingdom in its rural pride ;
A various scene the wide spread landscape yields
O'er rich enclosures and luxuriant fields ;
A lowing herd each fertile pasture fills,
And distant flocks stray o'er a thousand hills :
Fair Greenwich hid in woods with new delight
Shade above shade now rises to the sight,
His woods ordained to visit ev'ry shore,
And guard the island which they grac'd before.

The sun now rolling down the western way
A blaze of fires renews the fading day ;
Unnumber'd barks the regal barge infold,
Bright'ning the twilight with its beamy gold ;
Less thick the finny shoals, a countless fry !
Before the whale or kingly dolphin fly.
In one vast shout he seeks the crowded strand,
And in a peal of thunder gains the land.

Welcome, great Stranger ! to our longing eyes ;
Oh king desir'd ! adopted Albion cries,
For thee the East breath'd out a prosp'rous breeze,
Bright were the suns and gently swell'd the seas ;
Thy presence did each doubtful heart compose,
And factions wonder'd that they once were foes ;
That joyful day they lost each hostile name,
The same their aspect and their voice the same.

So two fair twins, whose features were design'd
At one soft moment in the mother's mind,
Show each the other with reflected grace,
And the same beauties bloom in either face,
The puzzled strangers which is which inquire,
Delusion grateful to the smiling fire.

From that fair hill * where hoary sages boast
To name the stars and count the heav'nly host,
By the next dawn doth great Augusta rise,
Proud Town ! the noblest scene beneath the skies !

O'er Thames her thousand spires their lustre shed,
 And a vast navy hides his ample bed,
 A floating forest ! from the distant strand
 A line of golden cars strikes o'er the land ;
 Britannia's peers in pomp and rich array
 Before their king triumphant lead the way :
 Far as the eye can reach the gaudy train
 A bright procession shines along the plain.

115

120

So haply thro' the heav'n's wide pathless ways
 A comet draws a long extended blaze,
 From east to west burns thro' th' ethereal frame,
 And half heav'n's convex glitters with the flame.

Now to the regal tow'rs securely brought
 He plan's Britannia's glories in his thought,
 Resumes the delegated pow'r he gave,
 Rewards the faithful and restores the brave.

125

Whom shall the Muse from out the shining throng
 Select to heighten and adorn her song ?

130

Thee, Halifax ! to thy capacious mind,
 O Man approv'd ! is Britain's wealth consign'd :
 Her coin while Nassau fought debas'd and rude,
 By thee in beauty and in truth renew'd,

An arduous work ! again thy charge we see,
 And thy own care once more returns to thee.

135

O ! form'd in ev'ry scene to awe and please,
 Mix wit with pomp and dignity with ease,
 Tho' call'd to shine aloft, thou wilt not scorn
 To smile on arts thyself did once adorn :

140

For this thy name succeeding times shall praise,
 And envy less thy garter than thy bays.

The Muse, if fir'd with the enliv'ning beams,
 Perhaps shall aim at more exalted themes,
 Record our monarch in a nobler strain,

145

And sing the op'ning wonders of his reign ;
 Bright Carolina's heav'nly beauties trace,
 Her valiant consort and his blooming race.

A train of kings their fruitful love supplies,
 A glorious scene to Albion's ravish'd eyes,

150

Who sees by Brunswick's hand her sceptre sway'd
 And thro' his line from age to age convey'd.

152

THOUGHTS OCCASIONED BY THE SIGHT OF AN
ORIGINAL PICTURE OF
KING CHARLES I.

Taken at the Time of his Trial,

INSCRIBED TO GEORGE CLARKE, Esq.

“ ——— Animum pictura pascit inani
“ Multa gemens, largoque humectat flumine vultum.”

VIRG.

CAN this be he! could Charles, the good, the great,
Be sunk by Heav'n to such a dismal state!
How meagre, pale, neglected, worn with care!
What steady sadness and august despair!
In those sunk eyes the grief of years I trace, 5
And sorrow seems acquainted with that face,
Tears which his heart disdain'd from me o'erflow
Thus to survey God's substitute below
In solemn anguish and majestic woe!

When spoil'd of empire by unhallow'd hands, 10
Sold by his slaves, and held in impious bands,
Rent from what oft' had sweeten'd anxious life,
His helpless children and his bosom wife,
Doom'd for the faith plebeian rage to stand,
And fall a victim for the guilty land, 15
Then thus was seen, abandon'd and forlorn,
The King, the Father, and the Saint, to mourn!—
How couldst thou, Artist! then thy skill display?
Thy steady hands thy savage heart betray;
Near thy bold work the stunn'd spectators faint, 20
Nor see unmov'd what thou unmov'd couldst paint;
What brings to mind each various scene of woe,
Th' insulting judge, the solemn mocking show,
The horrid sentence, and accursed blow!

Where then, just Heav'n! was thy unactive hand,
Thy idler thunder and thy ling'ring brand! 25
Thy adamant shield, thy angel wings,
And the great Genii of anointed kings!
Treason and Fraud shall thus the stars regard,
And injured Virtue meet this sad reward? 30

So sad none like can Time's old records tell,
 Tho' Pompey bled and poor Darius fell.
 All names but one too low—that one too high :
 All parallels are wrongs or blasphemy.

O Pow'r supreme ! how secret are thy ways ! 35
 Yet man, vain man ! would trace the mystick maze,
 With foolish wisdom arguing charge his God,
 His balance hold, and guide his angry rod,
 New mould the spheres, and mend the Sky's design,
 And sound th' immense with his short scanty line. 40
 Do thou, my Soul ! the destin'd period wait
 When God shall solve the dark decrees of Fate,
 His now unequal dispensation clear,
 And make all wise and beautiful appear,
 When suff'ring saints aloft in beams shall glow, 45
 And prosp'rous traitors gnash their teeth below.

Such boding thoughts did guilty conscience dart,
 A pledge of hell to dying Cromwell's heart :
 Then this pale Image seem'd t' invade his room,
 Gaz'd him to stone and warn'd him to the tomb, 50
 While thunders roll and nimble lightnings play,
 And the storm wings his spotted soul away.

A blast more bounteous ne'er did Heav'n command
 To scatter blessings o'er the British land ;
 Not that more kind which dash'd the pride of Spain,
 And whirl'd her crush'd Armada round the main ; 56
 Not those more kind which guide our floating tow'rs,
 Waft gums and gold, and made far India ours ;
 That only kinder which to Britain's shore
 Did mitres, crowns, and Stuart's race restore, 60
 Renew'd the church, revers'd the kingdom's doom,
 And brought with Charles an Anna yet to come.

O Clarke ! to whom a Stuart trusts her reign
 O'er Albion's fleets, and delegates the main,
 Dear as the faith the loyal heart hath sworn 65
 Transmit this piece to ages yet unborn :
 This sight shall damp the raging ruffian's breast,
 The poison spill, and half drawn sword arrest,
 To soft compassion stubborn traitors bend,
 And one destroy'd a thousand kings defend. 70

A FRAGMENT

OF A POEM ON HUNTING.

“ Dona cano divum, lætas venantibus artes,

“ Auspicio, Diana, tuo——

GRATIUS.

HORSES and hounds, their care, their various race,
 The num'rous beasts that range the rural chase,
 The huntsman's chosen scenes, his friendly stars,
 The laws and glory of the sylvan wars,
 I first in British verse presume to raise, 5
 A vent'rous rival of the Roman praise.
 Let me, chaste queen of Woods! thy aid obtain,
 Bring here thy lightfoot nymphs and sprightly train.
 If oft' o'er lawns thy care prevents the day
 To rouse the foe and press the bounding prey, 10
 Woo thine own Phoebus in the task to join,
 And grant me genius for the bold design.
 In this soft shade O sooth the warrior's fire,
 And fit his bowstring to the trembling lyre,
 And teach while thus their arts and arms we sing 15
 The groves to echo and the vales to ring!

* * * * *

* * * * *

Thy care be first the various gifts to trace,
 The minds and genius, of the latrant race.
 In pow'rs distinct the diff'rent clans excel,
 In sight, or swiftness, or sagacious smell. 20
 By wiles ungen'rous some surprise the prey,
 And some by courage win the doubtful day.
 Seest thou the gazehound how with glance severe
 From the close herd he marks the destin'd deer:
 How ev'ry nerve the greyhound's stretch displays, 25
 The hare preventing in her airy maze;
 The luckless prey how treach'rous tumblers gain,
 And dauntless wolfdogs shake the lion's mane:

O'er all the bloodhound boasts superiour skill
 To scent, to view, to turn, and boldly kill,
 His fellows' vain alarms rejects with scorn,
 True to the master's voice and learned horn:
 His nostrils oft, if ancient fame sing true,
 Trace the fly felon thro' the tainted dew;
 Once snuff'd he follows with unalter'd aim,
 Nor odours lure him from the chosen game;
 Deepmouth'd he thunders, and inflam'd he views,
 Springs on relentless, and to death pursues.

30

35

Some hounds of manners vile, (nor less we find
 Of fops in hounds than in the reas'ning kind)
 Puff'd with conceit run gadding o'er the plain,
 And from the scent divert the wiser train,
 For the foe's footsteps fondly snuff their own,
 And mar the music with their senseless tone,
 Start at the starting prey or rustling wind,
 And hot at first inglorious lag behind;
 A faunt'ring tribe! may such my foes disgrace!
 Give me, ye Gods! to breed the nobler race;
 Nor grieve thou to attend while truths unknown
 I sing, and make Athenian arts our own.

40

45

50

Dost thou in hounds aspire to deathless fame?
 Learn well their lineage and their ancient stem.
 Each tribe with joy old rustic heralds trace,
 And sing the chosen worthies of their race?
 How his sire's features in the son were spy'd
 When Di was made the vig'rous Ringwood's bride.
 Less sure thick lips the fate of Austria doom,
 Or eagle noses rul'd almighty Rome.

55

Good shape to various kinds old bards confine:
 Some praise the Greek and some the Roman line:
 And dogs to beauty make as differing claims
 As Albion's nymphs and India's jetty dames.
 Immense to name their lands, to mark their bounds,
 And paint the thousand families of hounds!
 First count the sands, the drops where oceans flow,
 Or Gauls by Malb'rough sent to shades below.
 The task be mine to teach Britannia's swains,
 My much lov'd country and my native plains.

60

66

Such be the dog I charge thou meanst to train ;
 His back is crooked and his belly plain, 70
 Of fillet stretch'd, and huge of haunch behind,
 A tap'ring tail that nimbly cuts the wind,
 Trufs thigh'd, straight hamm'd, and fox like form'd his
 Large legg'd, dry sol'd, and of protended claw ; [paw,
 His flat wide nostrils snuff the sav'ry steam, 75
 And from his eyes he shoots pernicious gleam ;
 Middling his head, and prone to earth his view,
 With ears and chest that dash the morning dew :
 He best to stem the flood, to leap the bound,
 And charm the Dryads with his voice profound, 80
 To pay large tribute to his weary lord,
 And crown the sylvan hero's plenteous board.

The matron bitch whose womb shall best produce
 The hopes and fortune of th' illustrious house,
 Deriv'd from noble but from foreign seed, 85
 For various nature loathes incest'ous breed,
 Is like the fire throughout ; nor yet displease
 Large flanks and ribs, to give the teemer ease.

In spring let loose thy pairs ; then all things prove
 The stings of pleasure and the pangs of love ; 90
 Ethereal Jove then glads with genial show'rs
 Earth's mighty womb, and strews her lap with flow'rs ;
 Hence juices mount, and buds embolden'd try
 More kindly breezes and a softer sky.
 Kind Venus revels. Hark ! on ev'ry bough 95
 In lulling strains the feather'd warblers woo ;
 Fell tigers soften in th' infectious flames,
 And lions fawning court their brinded dames.
 Great Love pervades the deep ; to please his mate
 The whale in gambols moves his monstrous weight ;
 Heav'd by his wayward mirth old Ocean roars, 101
 And scatter'd navies bulge on distant shores.

All Nature smiles. Come now, nor fear, my Love !
 To taste the odours of the woodbine grove,
 To pass the ev'ning glooms in harmless play, 105
 And sweetly swearing languish life away.
 An altar bound with recent flow'rs I rear
 To thee, best season of the various year !

All hail! such days in beauteous order ran
 So swift, so sweet, when first the world began, 110
 In Eden's bow'rs when man's great fire assign'd
 The names and natures of the brutal kind;
 Then lamb and lion friendly walk'd their round,
 And hares undaunted lick'd the fondling hound;
 Wondrous to tell! but when with luckless hand 115
 Our daring mother broke the sole command,
 Then Want and Envy brought their meagre train,
 Then Wrath came down and Death had leave to reign;
 Hence foxes earth'd, and wolves abhor'd the day,
 And hungry churls ensnar'd the nightly prey; 120
 Rude arts at first, but witty Want refin'd
 The huntsman's wiles, and Famine form'd the mind.

Bold Nimrod first the lion's trophies wore,
 The panther bound, and lanc'd the bristling boar:
 He taught to turn the hare, to bay the deer, 125
 And wheel the courser in his mid career.
 Ah! had he there restrain'd his tyrant hand!
 Let me, ye Pow'rs! an humbler wreath demand:
 No pomps I ask which crowns and sceptres yield,
 Nor dang'rous laurels in the dusty field; 130
 Fast by the forest and the limpid spring
 Give me the warfare of the woods to sing,
 To breed my whelps and healthful press the game,
 A mean inglorious but a guiltless name.

And now thy female bears in ample womb 135
 The bane of hares and triumphs yet to come.
 No sport I ween nor blast of sprightly horn
 Should tempt me then to hurt the whelps unborn.
 Unlock'd in covers let her freely run
 To range thy courts and bask before the sun. 140
 Near thy full table let the fav'rite stand,
 Strok'd by thy son's or blooming daughter's hand.
 Carefs, indulge, by arts the matron bribe
 T' improve her breed and teem a vig'rous tribe.

So, if small things may be compar'd with great,
 And Nature's works the Muse's imitate, 146
 So stretch'd in shades and lull'd by murm'ring streams
 Great Maro's breast receiv'd the heav'nly dreams;

Recluse, serene, the musing prophet lay
 Till thoughts in embryo rip'ning burst their way.
 Hence bees in state and foaming coursers come,
 Heroes and gods, and walls of lofty Rome.

152

* * * * *

THE FATAL CURIOSITY.

MUCH had I heard of fair Francelia's name,
 The lavish praises of the babbler Fame ;
 I thought them such, and went prepared to pry
 And trace the charmer with a critic's eye,
 Resolv'd to find some fault before unspy'd,
 And disappointed if but satisfy'd.

6

Love pierc'd the vassal heart that durst rebel,
 And where a judge was meant a victim fell.
 On those dear eyes, with sweet perdition gay,
 I gaz'd at once my pride and soul away ;
 All o'er I felt the luscious poison run,
 And in a look the hasty conquest won.

12

Thus the fond moth around the taper plays,
 And sports and flutters near the treach'rous blaze ;
 Ravish'd with joy he wings his eager flight,
 Nor dreams of ruin in so clear a light ;
 He tempts his fate and courts a glorious doom,
 A bright destruction and a shining tomb.

18



TO A LADY,

WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE PHENIX.

LAVISH of wit, and bold appear the lines
 Where Claudian's genius in the Phenix shines;
 A thousand ways each brilliant point is turn'd,
 And the gay poem like its theme adorn'd.
 A tale more strange ne'er grac'd the poet's art, 5
 Nor e'er did fiction play so wild a part.

Each fabled charm in matchless Celia meets,
 The heav'nly colours and ambrosial sweets;
 Her virgin bosom chaster fires supplies,
 And beams more piercing guard her kindred eyes; 10
 O'erflowing wit th' imagin'd wonder drew,
 But fertile fancy ne'er can reach the true.

Now buds your youth, your cheeks their bloom disclose,
 Th' untainted lily and unfolding rose;
 Ease in your mien, and sweetness in your face, 15
 You speak a Siren and you move a Grace;
 Nor time shall urge these beauties to decay
 While virtue gives what years shall steal away.
 The fair whose youth can boast the worth of age
 In age shall with the charms of youth engage;
 In ev'ry change still lovely, still the same,
 A fairer Phenix in a purer flame. 22

A DESCRIPTION OF THE PHENIX.

FROM CLAUDIAN.

IN utmost ocean lies a lovely isle
 Where spring still blooms and greens for ever smile,
 Which sees the Sun put on his first array,
 And hears his panting steeds bring on the day,

D

When from the deep they rush with rapid force,
 And whirl aloft to run their glorious course,
 When first appear the ruddy streaks of light,
 And glimm'ring beams dispel the parting night.

5

In these soft shades unprest by human feet

The happy Phenix keeps his balmy seat ;

10

Far from the world disjoin'd he reigns alone,

Alike the empire and its king unknown :

A godlike Bird ! whose endless round of years

Outlasts the stars and tires the circling spheres.

Not us'd like vulgar birds to eat his fill,

15

Or drink the crystal of the murmuring rill,

But fed with warmth from Titan's purer ray,

And slak'd by streams which eastern seas convey,

Still he renews his life in these abodes,

Contemns the pow'r of Fate and mates the gods.

20

His fiery eyes shoot forth a glitt'ring ray,

And round his head ten thousand glories play ;

High on his crest a star celestial bright

Divides the darkness with its piercing light ;

His legs are stain'd with purple's lively die,

25

His azure wings the fleeting winds outfly ;

Soft plumes of cheerful blue his limbs infold,

Enrich'd with spangles and bedropt with gold.

Begot by none himself, begetting none,

Sire of himself he is, and of himself the son ;

30

His life in fruitful death renews his date,

And kind destruction but prolongs his fate ;

Ev'n in the grave new strength his limbs receive,

And on the fun'ral pile begin to live ;

For when a thousand times the summer sun

35

His bending race has on the zodiac run,

And when as oft' the vernal signs have roll'd,

As oft' the wintry brought the numbing cold,

Then drops the Bird, worn out with aged cares,

And bends beneath the mighty load of years,

40

So falls the stately pine that proudly grew

The shade and glory of the mountain's brow :

When pierc'd by blasts and spouting clouds o'erspread
 It slowly sinking nods its tott'ring head,
 Part dies by winds, and part by sickly rains, 45
 And wasting age destroys the poor remains.

Then as the silver empress of the Night
 O'er clouded glimmers in a fainter light,
 So froze with age, and shut from light's supplies
 In lazy rounds scarce roll his feeble eyes, 50
 And those fleet wings for strength and speed renown'd
 Scarce rear th' inactive lumber from the ground.

Mysterious arts a second time create
 The Bird prophetic of approaching fate :
 Pil'd on a heap Sabæan herbs he lays, 55
 Parch'd by his fire, the Sun's intensest rays ;
 The pile design'd to form his fun'ral scene
 He wraps in covers of a fragment green,
 And bids his spicy heap at once become
 A grave destructive and a teeming womb. 60

On the rich bed the dying wonder lies,
 Imploring Phœbus with persuasive cries
 To dart upon him in collected rays,
 And new create him in a deadly blaze.

The god beholds the suppliant from afar, 65
 And stops the progress of his heav'nly car.
 " O thou," says he, " whom harmless fires shall burn,
 " Thy age the flame to second youth shall turn,
 " An infant's cradle is thy funeral urn !
 " Thou on whom Heav'n has fix'd th' ambig'ous doom
 " To live by ruin and by death to bloom, 71
 " Thy life, thy strength, thy lovely form, renew,
 " And with fresh beauties doubly charm the view !"

Thus speaking, 'midst the aromatic bed
 A golden beam he tosses from his head ; 75
 Swift as desire the shining ruin flies,
 And strait devours the willing sacrifice,
 Who hastes to perish in the fertile fire,
 Sink into strength, and into life expire.

In flames the circling odours mount on high,
 Perfume the air, and glitter in the sky;
 The moon and stars amaz'd retard their flight,
 And Nature startles at the doubtful fight!
 For whilst the pregnant urn with fury glows
 The goddess labours with a mother's throes,
 Yet joys to cherish in the friendly flames
 The noblest product of the skill she claims.

80

85

Th' enliv'ning dust its head begins to rear,
 And on the ashes sprouting plumes appear;
 In the dead Bird reviving vigour reigns,
 And life returning revels in his veins:
 A new-born Phenix starting from the flame
 Obtains at once a son's and father's name,
 And the great change of double life displays
 In the short moment of one transient blaze!

90

95

On his new pinions to the Nile he bends,
 And to the gods his parent urn commends,
 To Egypt bearing with majestic pride
 The balmy nest where first he lived and dy'd.
 Birds of all kinds admire th' unusual sight,
 And grace the triumph of his infant flight;
 In crowds unnumber'd round their chief they fly,
 Oppress the air and cloud the spacious sky;
 Nor dares the fiercest of the winged race
 Obstruct his journey thro' th' ethereal space;
 The hawk and eagle useless wars forbear,
 Forego their courage and consent to fear;
 The feather'd nations humble homage bring,
 And bless the gaudy flight of their ambrosial king!

100

105

Less glitt'ring pomp does Parthia's monarch yield
 Commanding legions to the dusty field,
 Tho' sparkling jewels on his helm abound,
 And royal gold his awful head surround,
 Tho' rich embroid'ry paint his purple vest,
 And his steed bound in costly trappings drest,
 Pleas'd in the battle's dreadful van to ride
 In graceful grandeur and imperial pride.

111

115

Fam'd for the worship of the Sun there stands
 A sacred fane in Egypt's fruitful lands,
 Hewn from the Theban mountain's rocky womb, 130
 An hundred columns rear the marble dome;
 Hither 'tis said he brings the precious load,
 A grateful off'ring to the beamy god,
 Upon whose altar's consecrated blaze
 The seeds and relics of himself he lays, 125
 Whence flaming incense makes the temple shine,
 And the glad altars breathe perfumes divine;
 The wafted smell to far Pelusium flies
 To cheer old ocean and enrich the skies,
 With nectar's sweets to make the nations smile, 130
 And scent the sevenfold channels of the Nile.
 Thrice happy Phenix! Heav'n's peculiar care
 Has made thyself thyself's surviving heir;
 By death thy deathless vigour is supply'd,
 Which sinks to ruin all the world beside: 135
 Thy age not thee assisting Phœbus burns,
 And vital flames light up thy fun'ral urns:
 Whate'er events have been thy eyes survey,
 And thou art fixt while ages roll away:
 Thou saw'st when raging Ocean burst his bed, 140
 O'ertopp'd the mountains and the earth o'erspread;
 When the rash youth inflam'd the high abodes,
 Scorch'd up the skies and scar'd the deathless gods.
 When Nature ceases thou shalt still remain,
 Nor second Chaos bound thy endless reign;
 Fate's tyrant laws thy happier lot shall brave,
 Baffle destruction and elude the grave. 147



KENSINGTON GARDEN.

“ ——— Campos, ubi Troja fuit.”

VIRG.

WHERE Kensington high o'er the neighb'ring lands
 'Midst greens and sweets, a regal fabric! stands,
 And sees each spring luxuriant in her bow'rs,
 A snow of blossoms and a wild of flow'rs,
 The dames of Britain oft' in clouds repair 5
 To gravel walks and unpolluted air :
 Here while the Town in damps and darkness lies
 They breathe in sunshine and see azure skies ;
 Each walk with robes of various dyes bespread
 Seems from afar a moving tulip bed, 10
 Where rich brocades and glossy damasks glow,
 And chints, the rival of the show'ry bow.
 Here England's daughter, darling of the land !
 Sometimes surrounded with her virgin band,
 Gleams thro' the shades ; she tow'ring o'er the rest
 Stands fairest of the fairer kind confest, 16
 Form'd to gain hearts that Brunswick's cause deny'd,
 And charm a people to her father's side.
 Long have these Groves to royal guests been known,
 Nor Nassau first preferr'd them to a throne. 20
 Ere Norman banners wav'd in British air,
 Ere lordly Hubba with the golden hair
 Pour'd in his Danes, ere elder Julius came,
 Or Dardan Brutus gave our isle a name,
 A prince of Albion's lineage grac'd the wood, 25
 The scene of wars, and stain'd with lovers' blood.
 You who thro' gazing crowds your captive throng
 Throw pangs and passions as you move along,
 Turn on the left, ye Fair ! your radiant eyes,
 Where all unlevell'd the gay Garden lies. 30
 If gen'rous anguish for another's pains
 Ere heav'd your hearts or shiver'd thro' your veins,

Look down attentive on the pleasing Dale,
And listen to my melancholy tale.

That hollow space where now in living rows 35
Line above line the yew's sad verdure grows,
Was, ere the planter's hand its beauty gave,
A common pit, a rude unfashion'd cave.

The landscape, now so sweet, we well may praise,
But far, far sweeter in its ancient days ; 40

Far sweeter was it when its peopl'd ground
With Fairy domes and dazzling tow'rs was crown'd!
Where in the midst those verdant pillars spring
Rose the proud palace of the Elfin king ;

For every hedge of vegetable green 45

In happier years a crowded street was seen ;
Nor all those leaves that now the prospect grace
Could match the numbers of its pigmy race.

What urg'd this mighty empire to its fate,
A tale of woe and wonder, I relate. 50

When Albion rul'd the land, whose lineage came
From Neptune mingling with a mortal dame,
Their midnight pranks the sprightly Fairies play'd
On ev'ry hill, and danc'd in ev'ry shade ;

But foes to sunshine, most they took delight 55

In dells and dales conceal'd from human sight,
There hew'd their houses in the arching rock,
Or scoop'd the bosom of the blasted oak,

Or heard, o'ershadow'd by some shelving hill,
The distant murmurs of the falling rill ; 60

They, rich in pilfer'd spoils, indulg'd their mirth,
And pity'd the huge wretched sons of earth :

E'en now, 'tis said, the hinds o'erhear their strain,
And strive to view their airy forms in vain ;

They to their cells at man's approach repair, 65
Like the shy lev'ret, or the mother hare ;

The whilst poor mortals startle at the sound
Of unseen footsteps on the haunted ground.

Amid this Garden, then with woods o'ergrown,
Stood the lov'd seat of royal Oberon: 70

From ev'ry region, to his palace-gate,
 Came peers and princes of the Fairy state,
 Who rank'd in council round the sacred shade
 Their monarch's will and great behests obey'd.
 From Thames' fair banks, by lofty tow'rs adorn'd, 75
 With loads of plunder oft' his chiefs return'd ;
 Hence in proud robes, and colours bright and gay
 Shone ev'ry knight, and ev'ry lovely Fay.
 Whoe'er on Powell's dazzling stage display'd
 Hath fam'd King Pepin and his court survey'd, 80
 May guess, if old by modern things we trace,
 The pomp and splendor of the Fairy race.

By magic fenc'd, by spells encompass'd round,
 No mortal touch'd this interdicted ground ;
 No mortal enter'd, those alone who came 85
 Stol'n from the couch of some terrestrial dame ;
 For oft' of babes they robb'd the matron's bed,
 And left some sickly changeling in their stead.

It chanced a youth of Albion's royal blood,
 Was foster'd here, the wonder of the wood. 90
 Milkah, for wiles above her peers renown'd,
 Deep skill'd in charms and many a mystic sound,
 As thro' the regal dome she sought for prey
 Observ'd the infant Albion where he lay,
 In mantles broider'd o'er with gorgeous pride, 95
 And stole him from the sleeping mother's side.

Who now but Milkah triumphs in her mind !
 Ah, wretched nymph ! to future evils blind ;
 The time shall come when thou shalt dearly pay
 The theft, hard hearted, of that guilty day : 100
 Thou in thy turn shalt like the queen repine,
 And all her sorrows, doubled, shall be thine.
 He who adorns thy house, the lovely boy
 Who now adorns it, shall at length destroy.

Two hundred moons in their pale course had seen
 The gay rob'd Fairies glimmer on the green, 106
 And Albion now had reach'd in youthful prime
 To nineteen years, as mortals measure time,

Flush'd with resistless charms he fir'd to love
 Each nymph and little dryad of the grove ; 110
 For skilful Milkah spar'd not to employ
 Her utmost art to rear the princely boy ;
 Each supple limb she swath'd, and tender bone,
 And to the Elfin standard kept him down ;
 She robb'd dwarf-elders of their fragrant fruit, 115
 And fed him early with the daisy's root.
 Whence thro' his veins the pow'rful juices ran,
 And form'd in beauteous miniature the man ;
 Yet still, two inches taller than the rest,
 His lofty port his human birth confest : 120
 A foot in height ! how stately did he show !
 How look superior on the crowd below !
 What knight like him could toss the rushy lance !
 Who move so graceful in the mazy dance !
 A shape so nice, or features half so fair, 125
 What elf could boast ! or such a flow of hair !
 Bright Kenna saw, a Princess born to reign,
 And felt the charmer burn in ev'ry vein.
 She, heiress to this empire's potent lord,
 Prais'd like the stars, and next the moon ador'd, 130
 She whom at distance thrones and prinedoms view'd,
 To whom proud Oriel and Azuriel su'd,
 In her high palace languish'd, void of joy,
 And pin'd in secret for a mortal boy.

He too was was smitten, and discreetly strove 135
 By courtly deeds to gain the virgin's love.
 For her he cull'd the fairest flow'rs that grew,
 Ere morning suns had drain'd their fragrant dew ;
 He chac'd the hornet in his mid-day flight,
 And brought her glow-worms in the noon of night.
 When on ripe fruits she cast a wishing eye 141
 Did ever Albion think the tree too high !
 He show'd her where the pregnant goldfinch hung,
 And the wren mother brooding o'er her young ;
 To her th' inscription on their eggs he read ; 145
 (Admire, ye Clerks ! the youth whom Milkah bred)

To her he show'd each herb of virt'ous juice,
 Their pow'rs distinguish'd, and describ'd their use.
 All vain their pow'rs, alas ! to Kenna prove,
 And well sung Ovid, " There's no herb for love."
 As when a ghost enlarg'd from realms below 151
 Seeks its old friend, to tell some secret woe,
 The poor shade shiv'ring stands, and must not break
 Her painful silence till the mortal speak,
 So far'd it with the little love-sick maid, 155
 Forbid to utter what her eyes betray'd.
 He saw her anguish, and reveal'd his flame,
 And spar'd the blushes of his tongue-ty'd dame.
 The day would fail me should I reckon o'er
 The sighs they lavish'd, and the oaths they swore, 160
 In words so melting, that, compar'd with those,
 The nicest courtship of terrestrial beaux
 Would sound like compliments from country clowns
 To red-cheek'd sweethearts in their homespun gowns.

All in a lawn of many a various hue, 165
 A bed of flow'rs (a Fairy forest) grew :
 'Twas here one noon, the gaudiest of the May,
 The still, the secret, silent hour of day,
 Beneath a lofty tulip's ample shade
 Sat the young lover and th' immortal maid. 170
 They thought all Fairies slept ! Ah luckless pair !
 Hid but in vain in the sun's noontide glare !
 When Albion, leaning on his Kenna's breast,
 Thus all the softness of his soul exprest :

" All things are hush'd ; the sun's meridian rays
 " Veil the horizon in one mighty blaze : 176
 " Nor moon nor star in heav'n's blue arch is seen
 " With kindly rays to silver o'er the green ;
 " Grateful to Fairy eyes they secret take
 " Their rest, and only wretched mortals wake. 180
 " This dead of day I fly to thee alone,
 " A world to me, a multitude in one.
 " Oh ! sweet as dew-drops on these flow'ry lawns,
 " When the sky opens and the ev'ning dawns !

" Strait as the pink that tow'rs so high in air ! 185
 " Soft as the blowbell ! as the daisy fair !
 " Blest be the hour when first I was convey'd
 " An infant captive to this blissful shade !
 " And blest the hand that did my form refine,
 " And shrunk my stature to a match with thine ! 190
 " Glad I for thee renounce my royal birth,
 " And all the giant daughters of the earth ;
 " Thou, if thy breast with equal ardour burn,
 " Renounce thy kind, and love for love return.
 " So from us two, combin'd by nuptial ties, 195
 " A race unknown of demigods shall rise.
 " O speak, my Love ! my vows with vows repay,
 " And sweetly swear my rising fears away."

To whom (the shining azure of her eyes
 More brighten'd) thus th' enamour'd maid replies :

" By all the stars, and first the glorious moon, 201
 " I swear, and by the head of Oberon,
 " A dreadful oath ! no prince of Fairy line
 " Shall e'er in wedlock plight his vows with mine.
 " Where'er my footsteps in the dance are seen 205
 " May toadstools rise, and mildews blast the green ;
 " May the keen east wind blight my fav'rite flow'rs,
 " And snakes and spotted adders haunt my bow'rs ;
 " Confin'd whole ages in an hemlock shade,
 " There rather pine I a neglected maid, 210
 " Or worse, exil'd from Cynthia's gentle rays
 " Parch in the sun a thousand summer days,
 " Than any prince, a prince of Fairy line,
 " In sacred wedlock plight his vows with mine."

She ended, and with lips of rosy hue 215
 Dipp'd five times over in ambrosial dew
 Stifled his words, when from his covert rear'd
 The frowning brow of Oberon appear'd :
 A sunflower's trunk was near, whence (killing sight !)
 The monarch issu'd, half an ell in height. 220
 Full on the pair a furious look he cast,
 Nor spoke, but gave his bugle horn a blast

That thro' the woodland echo'd far and wide,
 And drew a swarm of subjects to his side.
 A hundred chosen knights in war renown'd
 Drive Albion, banish'd, from the sacred ground,
 And twice ten myriads guard the bright abodes
 Where the proud king amidst his demigods
 For Kenna's sudden bridal bids prepare,
 And to Azuriel gives the weeping fair.

225

230

If fame in arms, with ancient birth combin'd,
 A faultless beauty, and a spotless mind,
 To love and praise can gen'rous souls incline,
 That love, Azuriel! and that praise was thine.
 Blood only less than royal fill'd thy veins;
 Proud was thy roof and large thy fair domains.
 Where now the skies high Holland House invades,
 And short-liv'd Warwick sadden'd all the shades,
 Thy dwelling stood, nor did in him afford
 A nobler owner or a lovelier lord.

235

240

For thee a hundred fields produc'd their store,
 And by thy name ten thousand vassals swore,
 So lov'd thy name, that at their monarch's choice
 All Fairy shouted with a gen'ral voice!

Oriel alone a secret rage suppress
 That from his bosom heav'd the golden vest.
 Along the banks of Thame his empire ran,
 Wide was his range and populous his clan.
 When cleanly servants, if we trust old tales,
 Beside their wages had good Fairy veils,
 Whole heaps of silver tokens nightly paid
 The careful wife or the neat dairymaid
 Sunk not his stores. With smiles and pow'rful bribes
 He gain'd the leaders of his neighbour tribes,
 And ere the night the face of heav'n had chang'd
 Beneath his banners half the Fairies rang'd.

245

250

255

Mean while driv'n back to earth, a lonely way
 The cheerless Albion wander'd half the day;
 A long, long journey! choak'd with brakes and thorns,
 Ill measur'd by ten thousand barley corns.

260

Tir'd out at length a spreading stream he spy'd
Fed by old Thame, a daughter of the tide.

'Twas then a spreading stream, tho' now, its fame
Obscur'd, it bears The Creek's inglorious name
And creeps as thro' contracted bounds it strays, 265
A leap for boys in these degen'rate days.

On the clear crystal's verdant bank he stood,
And thrice look'd backward on the fatal wood,
And thrice he groan'd and thrice he beat his breast,
And thus in tears his kindred gods addrest : 270

“ If true, ye wat'ry Pow'rs ! my lineage came
“ From Neptune mingling with a mortal dame,
“ Down to his court with coral garlands crown'd
“ Thro' all your grottos waft my plaintive sound.
“ And urge the god whose trident shakes the earth
“ To grace his offspring and assert my birth.” 276

He said ; a gentle Naiad heard his pray'r,
And touch'd with pity for a lover's care
Shoots to the sea, where low beneath the tides
Old Neptune in th' unfathom'd deep resides. 280

Rous'd at the news the sea's stern sultan swore
Revenge, and scarce from present arms forbore ;
But first the nymph his harbinger he sends,
And to her care the fav'rite boy commends.

As thro' the Thames her backward course she guides,
Driv'n up his current by the reflux tides 286

Along his banks the pigmy legions spread
She spies, and haughty Oriel at their head :
Soon with wrong'd Albion's name the host she fires,
And counts the ocean's god among his fires ; 290

“ The ocean's god, by whom shall be o'erthrown,
“ (Styx heard his oath) the tyrant Oberon.

“ See here beneath a toadstool's deadly gloom
“ Lies Albion ; him the Fates your leader doom.
“ Hear and obey ; 'tis Neptune's pow'rful call : 295
“ By him Azuriel and his king shall fall.”

She said ; they bow'd, and on their shields upbore
With shouts their new saluted emperor.

Ev'n Oriel smil'd, at least to smile he strove,
And hopes of vengeance triumph'd over love. 300

See now the mourner of the lonely shade
By gods protected and by hosts obey'd ;
A slave, a chief, by fickle Fortune's play,
In the short course of one revolving day.
What wonder if the youth so strangely blest 305
Felt his heart flutter in his little breast !

His thick embattled troops with secret pride
He views extended half an acre wide :
More light he treads, more tall he seems to rise,
And struts a strawbreadth nearer to the skies. 310

O for thy Muse, great Bard * ! whose lofty strains
In battle join'd the Pigmies and the Cranes ;
Each gaudy knight had I that warmth divine,
Each colour'd legion, in my verse should shine :
But simple I, and innocent of art, 315
The tale that sooth'd my infant years impart,
The tale I heard whole winter eves untir'd,
And sing the battles that my nurse inspir'd.

Now the shrill cornpipes echoing loud to arms
To rank and file reduce the straggling swarms : 320
Thick rows of spears at once with sudden glare,
A grove of needles, glitter in the air :
Loose in the winds small riband streamers flow,
Dipt in all colours of the heav'nly bow,
And the gay host that now its march pursues 325
Gleam o'er the meadows in a thousand hues.

On Buda's plains thus formidably bright
Shone Asia's sons, a pleasing dreadful sight !
In various robes their silken troops were seen,
The blue, the red, and prophet's sacred green, 330
When blooming Brunswick near the Danube's flood
First stain'd his maiden sword in Turkish blood.

Unseen and silent march the slow brigades
Thro' pathless wilds and unfrequented shades.
In hope already vanquish'd by surprise 335
In Albion's pow'r the fairy empire lies ;

* Mr. Addison.

Already has he seiz'd on Kenna's charms,
And the glad beauty trembles in his arms.

The march concludes ; and now in prospect near,
But fenc'd with arms, the hostile tow'rs appear ; 340
For Oberon, or Druids falsely sing,
Wore his Prime Vizier in a magick ring,
A subtle spright ! that op'ning plots foretold
By sudden dimness on the beamy gold :
Hence in a crescent form'd his legions bright 345
With beating bosoms waited for the fight :
To charge their foes they march, a glitt'ring band !
And in their van doth bold Azuriel stand.

What rage that hour did Albion's soul possess
Let chiefs imagine and let lovers guess ! 350
Forth issuing from his ranks, that strove in vain
To check his course athwart the dreadful plain
He strides indignant, and with haughty cries
To single fight the Fairy prince defies.

Forbear, rash Youth ! th' unequal war to try, 335
Nor sprung from mortals with immortals vie :
No god stands ready to avert thy doom,
Nor yet thy grandfire of the waves is come.
My words are vain—no words the wretch can move,
By beauty dazzled and bewitch'd by love. 360
He longs, he burns, to win the glorious prize,
And sees no danger while he sees her eyes.

Now from each host the eager warriors start,
And furious Albion flings his hasty dart.
'Twas feather'd from the bee's transparent wing, 365
And its shaft ended in a hornet's sting ;
But tost in rage it flew, without a wound,
High o'er the foe, and guiltless pierc'd the ground.
Not so Azuriel's ; with unerring aim
Too near the needle-pointed jav'lin came, 370
Drove thro' the sevenfold shield and silken vest,
And lightly rais'd the lover's iv'ry breast.
Rous'd at the smart, and rising to the blow,
With his keen sword he cleaves his Fairy foe,

Sheer from the shoulder to the waist he cleaves, 375
And of one arm the tott'ring trunk bereaves.

His useless steel brave Albion wields no more,
But sternly smiles and thinks the combat o'er:
So had it been had aught of mortal strain,
Or less than Fairy felt the deadly pain; 380
But empyreal forms, howe'er in fight
Gash'd and dismember'd, easily unite.

As some frail cup of China's purest mould,
With azure varnish'd and bedropt with gold,
Tho' broke, if cur'd by some nice virgin's hands 385
In its old strength and pristine beauty stands,
The tumults of the boiling Bohea braves,
And holds secure the coffee's fable waves;
So did Azuriel's arm, if Fame says true,
Rejoin the vital trunk whence first it grew, 390
And whilst in wonder fix'd poor Albion stood,
Plung'd the curst sabre in his heart's warm blood.

The golden broid'ry tender Milkah wove,
The breast to Kenna sacred and to love,
Lie rent and mangled, and the gaping wound 395
Pours out a flood of purple on the ground:
The jetty lustre sickens in his eyes,
On his cold cheeks the bloomy freshness dies:
"Oh Kenna! Kenna!" thrice he try'd to say;
"Kenna! farewell!" and sigh'd his soul away. 400

His fall the Dryads with loud shrieks deplore
By sister Naiads echo'd from the shore,
Thence down to Neptune's secret realms convey'd
Thro' grotts and glooms, and many a coral shade.
The sea's great sire with looks denouncing war 405
The trident shakes and mounts the pearly car,
With one stern frown the wide-spread deep deforms,
And works the madding ocean into storms:
O'er foaming mountains and thro' bursting tides
Now high, now low, the bounding chariot rides, 410
Till thro' the Thames in a loud whirlwind's roar
It shoots, and lands him on the destin'd shore.

Now fix'd on earth his tow'ring stature stood,
 Hung o'er the mountains and o'erlook'd the wood :
 To Brompton's grove one ample stride he took, 415
 (The vallies trembled and the forests shook,)
 The next huge step reach'd the devoted shade
 Where chok'd in blood was wretched Albion laid,
 Where now the vanquish'd with the victors join'd
 Beneath the regal banners stood combin'd. 420

Th' embattled dwarfs with rage and scorn he past,
 And on their town his eye vindictive cast ;
 In deep foundations his strong trident cleaves,
 And high in air th' uprooted empire heaves ;
 On his broad engine the vast ruin hung, 425
 Which on the foe with force divine he flung :
 Aghast the legions in th' approaching shade
 Th' inverted spires and rocking domes survey'd,
 That downward tumbling on the host below
 Crush'd the whole nation at one dreadful blow : 430
 Tow'rs, arms, nymphs, warriors, are together lost,
 And a whole empire falls to sooth sad Albion's ghost !

Such was the period long restrain'd by Fate,
 And such the downfall of the Fairy state.
 This Dale, a pleasing region, not unblest, 435
 This Dale possess they, and had still possess,
 Had not their monarch with a father's pride
 Rent from her lord th' inviolable bride ;
 Rash to dissolve the contract seal'd above,
 The solemn vows and sacred bonds of Love. 440
 Now where his elves so sprightly danc'd the round
 No violet breathes nor daisy paints the ground ;
 His tow'rs and people fill one common grave,
 A shapeless ruin and a barren cave.

Beneath huge hills of smoking piles he lay 445
 Stunn'd and confounded a whole summer's day ;
 At length awak'd, (for what can long restrain
 Unbody'd spirits ?) but awak'd in pain,
 And as he saw the desolated wood,
 And the dark den where once his empire stood, 450

Grief chill'd his heart; to his half-open'd eyes
 In ev'ry oak a Neptune seem'd to rise:
 He fled, and left with all his trembling peers
 The long possession of a thousand years.

Thro' bush, thro' brake, thro' groves and gloomy
 dales, 455

Thro' dank and dry, o'er streams and flow'ry vales,
 Direct they fled, but often look'd behind,
 And stopt and started at each rustling wind.
 Wing'd with like fear his abdicated bands
 Disperse and wander into diff'rent lands; 460
 Part hid beneath the Peak's deep caverns lie
 In silent glooms impervious to the sky;
 Part on fair Avon's margin seek repose,
 Whose stream o'er Britain's midmost region flows,
 Where formidable Neptune never came, 464
 And seas and oceans are but known by fame;
 Some to dark woods and secret shades retreat,
 And some on mountains chuse their airy seat;
 There haply by the ruddy damsel seen,
 Or shepherd boy, they featly foot the green, 470
 While from their steps a circling verdure springs,
 But fly from towns and dread the courts of kings.

Meanwhile sad Kenna, loth to quit the grove,
 Hung o'er the body of her breathless love,
 Try'd ev'ry art (vain arts!) to change his doom, 475
 And vow'd (vain vows!) to join him in the tomb.
 What could she do? the Fates alike deny
 The dead to live or Fairy forms to die.

An herb there grows, (the same old Homer * tells
 Ulysses bore to rival Circe's spells) 480
 Its root is ebon-black, but sends to light
 A stem that bends with flow'rets milky white,
 Moly the plant, which Gods and Fairies know,
 But secret kept from mortal men below;
 On his pale limbs its virt'ous juice she shed, 485
 And murmur'd mystic numbers o'er the dead,

When lo! the little shape by magic pow'r
 Grew less and less, contracted to a flow'r,
 A flow'r that first in this sweet Garden smil'd,
 To virgins sacred, and the Snowdrop styl'd. 490

The newborn plant with sweet regret she view'd,
 Warm'd with her sighs, and with her tears bedew'd,
 Its ripen'd seeds from bank to bank convey'd,
 And with her lover whiten'd half the shade:
 Thus won from death each spring she sees him grow,
 And glories in the vegetable snow, 496
 Which now increas'd thro' wide Britannia's plains
 Its parent's warmth and spotless name retains,
 First leader of the flow'ry race aspires,
 And foremost catches the sun's genial fires, 500
 Mid frosts and snows triumphant dares appear,
 Mingles the seasons and leads on the year.

Deserted now of all the pigmy race
 Nor man nor Fairy touch'd this guilty place:
 In heaps on heaps for many a rolling age 505
 It lay accurst, the mark of Neptune's rage,
 Till great Nassau recloth'd the desert shade.
 Thence sacred to Britannia's monarchs made.
 'Twas then the green rob'd nymph, fair Kenna, came
 (Kenna! that gave the neighb'ring town its name)
 Proud when she saw th' ennobled Garden shine 511
 With nymphs and heroes of her lover's line,
 She vow'd to grace the mansions once her own,
 And picture out in plants the Fairy town:
 To far-fam'd Wise her flight unseen she sped, 515
 And with gay prospects fill'd the craftman's head,
 Soft in his fancy drew a pleasing scheme,
 And plann'd that landscape in a morning dream.

With the sweet view the fire of Gardens fir'd,
 Attempts the labour by the nymph inspir'd, 520
 The walls and streets in rows of yew designs,
 And forms the town in all its ancient lines;
 The corner trees he lifts more high in air,
 And girds the palace with a verdant square;

Nor knows while round he views the rising scenes
He builds a city as he plants his greens.

526

With a sad pleasure the aerial maid
This image of her ancient realm survey'd,
How chang'd, how fall'n from its primeval pride !
Yet here each moon the hour her lover dy'd,
Each moon his solemn obsequies she pays,
And leads the dance beneath pale Cynthia's rays,
Pleas'd in these Shades to head her Fairy train,
And grace the Groves where Albion's kinsmen reign.

530

533



THERSITES, OR, THE LORDLING,

THE GRANDSON OF A BRICKLAYER, GREAT-GRAND-
SON OF A BUTCHER.

THERSITES of amphibious breed,
Motley fruit of mongrel seed,
By the dam from Lordling sprung,
By the fire exhal'd from dung:
Think on ev'ry vice in both;
Look on him and see their growth. 5

View him on the mother's side
Fill'd with falsehood, spleen, and pride,
Positive and overbearing,
Changing still and still adhering, 10
Spiteful, peevish, rude, untoward,
Fierce in tongue, in a heart a coward:
When his friends he most is hard on
Cringing comes to beg their pardon;
Reputation ever tearing, 15
Ever dearest friendship swearing;
Judgment weak and passion strong,
Always various always wrong;
Provocation never waits
Where he loves or where he hates; 20
Talks whate'er comes in his head,
Wishes it were all unsaid.

Let me now the vices trace
From his father's scoundrel race.
Who could give the looby such airs? 25
Were they masons, were they butchers?
Herald lend the Muse an answer,
From his atavus and grandfire;
This was dext'rous at his trowel,
That was bred to kill a cow well: 30
Hence the greasy clumsy mien
In his dress and figure seen,

Hence that mean and sordid foul,
Like his body rank and foul,
Hence that wild suspicious peep
Like a rogue that steals a sheep,
Hence he learn'd the butcher's guile
How to cut a throat and smile,
Like a butcher doom'd for life;
In his mouth to wear his knife,
Hence he draws his daily food
From his tenant's vital blood.

35

40

Lastly, let his gifts be try'd,
Borrow'd from the mason side.
Some perhaps may think him able
In the state to build a Babel,
Could we place him in a station
To destroy the old foundation;
True indeed I should be gladder
Could he learn to mount a ladder:
May he at his latter end
Mount alive and dead descend.
In him tell me which prevail,
Female vices most or male?
What produc'd them can you tell,
Human race or imp of hell?

45

50

56



A POEM IN PRAISE OF
THE HORNBOOK,
WRITTEN UNDER A FIT OF THE GOUT.

"Magni magna patrant, nos non nisi ludicra—
Podagra hæc otia fecit."

HAIL, ancient Book ! most venerable Code !
 Learning's first cradle and its last abode !
 The huge unnumber'd volumes which we see
 By lazy plagiaries are stol'n from thee ;
 Yet future times to thy sufficient store
 Shall ne'er presume to add one letter more. 5
 Thee will I sing in comely wainscot bound,
 And golden verge enclosing thee around,
 The faithful Horn before from age to age
 Preserving thy invaluable page ; 10
 Behind thy patron saint in armour shines
 With sword and lance to guard thy sacred lines ;
 Beneath his courser's feet the dragon lies
 Transfix'd ; his blood thy scarlet cover dies ;
 Th' instructive handle's at the bottom fixt, 15
 Lest wrangling critics should pervert the text.
 Or if to gingerbread thou shalt descend,
 And liq'rish learning to thy babes extend,
 Or sugar'd plane o'erspread with beaten gold
 Does the sweet treasure of thy letters hold, 20
 Thou still shalt be my song.—Apollo's choir
 I scorn t'invoke ; Cadmus ! my verse inspire ;
 'Twas Cadmus who the first materials brought
 Of all the learning which has since been taught,
 Soon made complete ! for mortals ne'er shall know 25
 More than contain'd of old the Christ-crofs row ;
 What masters dictate, or what doctors preach,
 Wise matrons hence e'en to our children teach.

But as the name of ev'ry plant and flow'r
 (So common that each peasant knows it's pow'r) 30
 Physicians in mysterious cant express
 T' amuse the patient and enhance their fees,
 So from the letters of our native tongue
 Put in Greek scrawls a myst'ry too is sprung;
 Schools are erected, puzzling grammars made, 35
 And artful men strike out a gainful trade;
 Strange characters adorn the learned gate,
 And heedless youth catch at the shining bait,
 The pregnant boys the noisy charms declare,
 And Taus and Deltas * make their mothers stare; 40
 Th' uncommon sounds amaze the vulgar ear,
 And what's uncommon never costs too dear;
 Yet in all tongues the Hornbook is the same,
 Taught by the Grecian master or the English dame.

But how shall I thy endless virtues tell 45
 In which thou dost all other books excel?
 No greasy thumbs thy spotless leaf can soil,
 Nor crooked dog's-ears thy smooth corner's spoil;
 In idle pages no errata stand
 To tell the blunders of the printer's hand; 50
 No fulsome dedication here is writ,
 Nor flatt'ring verse to praise the author's wit;
 The margin with no tedious note is vex'd
 Nor various readings to confound the text;
 All parties in thy literal sense agree, 55
 Thou perfect centre of concordancy!
 Search we the records of an ancient date,
 Or read what modern histories relate,
 They all proclaim what wonders have been done
 By the plain letters taken as they run: 60
 " † Too high the floods of passion us'd to roll,
 " And rend the Roman youth's impatient soul;

* The Greek letters T, Δ.

† The advice given to Augustus by the Stoic philosopher Athenodorus, who desired the emperor neither to say nor do any thing till he had first said over the alphabet, as the observance of this rule would moderate his passion, and prevent rash words and actions.

“ His hasty anger furnish’d scenes of blood,
 “ And frequent deaths of worthy men ensu’d ;
 “ In vain were all the weaker methods try’d, 65
 “ None could suffice to stem the furious tide ;
 “ Thy sacred line he did but once repeat,
 “ And laid the storm and cool’d the raging heat.”

Thy heav’uly notes like angels’ music cheer
 Departing souls and sooth the dying ear. 70

An aged peasant on his latest bed
 Wish’d for a friend some godly book to read ;
 The pious grandson thy known handle takes,
 And (eyes lift up) this fav’ry lecture makes.
 Great A he gravely read : th’ important sound 75
 The empty walls and hollow roof rebound :
 Th’ expiring ancient rear’d his drooping head,
 And thank’d his stars that Hodge had learn’d to read.
 Great B, the yonker bauls ; “ O heav’nly breath !
 “ What ghostly comforts in the hour of death ! 80
 “ What hopes I feel !” Great C, pronounc’d the boy ;
 The grandfire dies with ecstasy of joy.

Yet in some lands such ignorance abounds
 Whole parishes scarce know thy useful sounds :
 Of Essex Hundreds Fame gives this report, 85
 But Fame I ween says many things in sport :
 Scarce lives the man to whom thou’rt quite unknown.
 Tho’ few th’ extent of thy vast empire own.
 Whatever wonders magic spells can do
 On earth, in air, in sea, in shades below, 90
 What words profound and dark wise Mah’met spoke
 When his old cow an angel’s figure took,
 What strong enchantments sage Canidia knew,
 Or Horace sung fierce monsters to subdue,
 O mighty Book ! are all contain’d in you : 95
 All human arts, and ev’ry science meet
 Within the limits of thy single sheet :
 From thy vast root all learning’s branches grow,
 And all her streams from thy deep fountain flow.

And lo! while thus thy wonders I indite 100
Inspir'd I feel the pow'r of which I write;
The gentler gout his former rage forgets,
Less frequent now, and less severe the fits;
Loose grow the chains which bound my useless feet,
Stiffness and pain from ev'ry joint retreat, 105
Surprising strength comes ev'ry moment on;
I stand, I step, I walk, and now I run.
Here let me cease, my hobbling numbers stop,
And at thy handle * hang my crutches up". 109

* Votiva Tabula. HOR.



On Queen Caroline's rebuilding the Lodgings of the

BLACK PRINCE AND HENRY V.

AT QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

WHERE bold and graceful soars, secure of fame,
 The pile now worthy great Philippa's name;
 Mark that old Ruin, Gothic and uncouth,
 Where the Black Edward pass'd his beardless youth,
 And the fifth Henry for his first renown 5
 Outstripp'd each rival in a student's gown.

In that coarse age were princes fond to dwell
 With meagre monks, and haunt the silent cell.
 Sent from the Monarch's to the Muse's court,
 Their meals were frugal, and their sleeps were short;
 To couch at curfew time they thought no scorn, 11
 And froze at matins ev'ry winter morn;
 They read an early book, the starry frame,
 And lisp'd each constellation by its name,
 Art after art still dawning to their view, 15
 And their mind op'ning as their stature grew.

Yet whose ripe manhood spread our fame so far,
 Sages in peace, and demigods in war!
 Who stern in fight made echoing Cressy ring,
 And mild in conquest serv'd his captive king; 20
 Who gain'd at Agincourt the victor's bays,
 Nor took himself but gave good Heav'n the praise.
 Thy nurselings, ancient Dome! to virtue form'd,
 To mercy list'ning whilst in fields they storm'd;
 Fierce to the fierce, and warm th' oppress'd to save, 25
 Thro' life rever'd, and worshipp'd in the grave.

In tenfold pride their mould'ring roofs shall shine,
 The stately work of bounteous Caroline,
 And blest Philippa with unenvious eyes
 From heav'n behold her rival's fabric rise. 30
 If still, bright Saint! this spot deserves thy care
 Incline thee to th' ambitious Muse's pray'r;

O couldst thou win young William's bloom to grace
His mother's walls, and fill thy Edward's place,
How would that genius whose propitious wings 35
Have here twice hover'd o'er the sons of kings
Descend triumphant to his ancient seat,
And take in charge a third Plantagenet! 38



ON THE DEATH OF
THE EARL OF CADOGAN.

OF Marlborough's captains and Eugenio's friends
 The last Cadogan to the grave descends.
 Low lies each hand whence Blenheim's glory sprung,
 The chiefs who conquer'd, and the bards who sung.
 From his cold corse tho' ev'ry friend be fled 5
 Lo! Envy waits, that lover of the dead.
 Thus did she feign o'er Nassau's hearse to mourn,
 Thus wept insidious, Churchill! o'er thy urn,
 To blast the living gave the dead their due,
 And wreaths herself had tainted trimm'd anew. 10
 Thou yet unnam'd to fill his empty place,
 And lead to war thy country's growing race,
 Take ev'ry wish a British heart can frame,
 Add palm to palm and rise from fame to fame!
 An hour must come when thou shalt hear with rage
 Thyself traduc'd, and curse a thankless age: 16
 Nor yet for this decline the gen'rous strife;
 These ills, brave Man! shall quit thee with thy life:
 Alive tho' stain'd by ev'ry abject slave
 Secure of fame and justice in the grave. 20
 Ah! no—when once the mortal yields to Fate
 The blast of Fame's sweet trumpet sounds too late,
 Too late to stay the spirit on its flight,
 Or sooth the new inhabitant of light,
 Who hears regardless, while fond man distress 25
 Hangs on the absent and laments the blest.
 Farewel then Fame! ill fought thro' fields of blood,
 Farewel unfaithful promiser of good!
 Thou music warbling to the deafen'd ear!
 Thou incense wasted on the fun'ral bier! 30
 Thro' life pursu'd in vain, by death obtain'd,
 When ask'd deny'd us, and when giv'n disdain'd. 32

OXFORD, A POEM,*

INSCRIBED TO LORD LONSDALE, MDCCVII.†

“Unum opus est intactæ Palladis urbem
 “Carminè perpetuo celebrare.”

HOR I. Ode vii.

WHILST you my Lord adorn that stately seat
 Where shining Beauty makes her soft retreat,
 Enjoying all those graces uncontroll'd
 Which noblest youths would die but to behold,
 Whilst you inhabit Lowther's awful pile, 5
 A structure worthy of the founder's toil,
 Amaz'd we see the former Lonsdale ‡ shine
 In each descendant of his noble line,
 But most transported and surpris'd we view
 His ancient glories all reviv'd in you, 10
 Where charms and virtues join their equal grace,
 Your father's godlike soul, your mother's lovely face.
 Me Fortune and kind Heav'n's indulgent care
 To famous Oxford and the Muses bear,
 Where of all ranks the blooming youths combine 15
 To pay due homage to the mighty Nine,
 And snatch with smiling joy the laurel crown
 Due to the learned honours of the gown:
 Here I the meanest of the tuneful throng
 Delude the time with an unhallow'd song, 20
 Which thus my thanks to much lov'd Oxford pays
 In no ungrateful tho' unartful lays.
 Where shall I first the beauteous scene disclose,
 And all the gay variety expose?

* This poem is subjoined to Dr. Johnson's Life of Tickell, from which it is copied.

† Richard, second Lord Viscount Lonsdale. He died of the small pox 1st Dec. 1713.

‡ Sir John Lowther, one of the early promoters of the Revolution, was constituted Vice-chamberlain to King William and Queen Mary, on their advancement to the throne, created Baron Lowther and Viscount Lonsdale, 28th of May, 1706, and appointed Lord Privy Seal in 1699. He died the 10th of July, 1700.

For wheresoe'er I turn my wond'ring eyes
 Aspiring tow'rs and verdant groves arise,
 Immortal greens the smiling plains array,
 And mazy rivers murmur all the way.

25

O! might your eyes behold each sparkling dome,
 And freely o'er the beauteous prospect roam, 30
 Less ravish'd your own Lowther you'd survey,
 Tho' pomp and state the costly seat display,
 Where Art so nicely has adorn'd the place
 That Nature's aid might seem an useless grace,
 Yet Nature's smiles such various charms impart 35
 That vain and needless are the strokes of Art.
 In equal state our rising structures shine,
 Fram'd by such rules and form'd by such design
 That here at once surpris'd and pleas'd we view
 Old Athens lost and conquer'd in the new; 40
 More sweet our shades, more fit our bright abodes
 For warbling Muses and inspiring gods.

Great Vanbrug's * self might own each artful draught,
 Equal to models in his curious thought,
 Nor scorn a fabric by our plans to frame, 45
 Or in immortal labours sing their fame:
 Both ways he saves them from destroying Fate
 If he but praise them or but imitate.

See where the sacred Sheldon's haughty dome †
 Rivals the stately pomp of ancient Rome, 50
 Whose form so great and noble seems design'd
 T' express the grandeur of its founder's mind:
 Here in one lofty building we behold
 Whate'er the Latian pride could boast of old,
 True no dire combats feed the savage eye, 55
 And strew the sand with sportive cruelty,
 But more adorn'd with what the Muse inspires
 It far outshines their bloody theatres.
 Delightful Scene! when here in equal verse
 The youthful bards their godlike queen rehearse, 60

* Sir John Vanbrug,

† The Theatre.

To Churchill's wreath's Apollo's laurel join,
 And sing the plains of Hockstet and Judoign.
 Next let the Muse record our Bodley's feat*,
 Nor aim at numbers like the subject great.
 All hail, thou fabrick, sacred to the Nine, 65
 Thy fame immortal, and thy form divine!
 Who to thy praise attempts the dang'rous flight
 Should in thy various tongues be taught to write,
 His verse like thee a lofty dress should wear,
 And breathe the genius which inhabits there; 70
 Thy proper lays alone can make thee live,
 And pay that fame which first thyself didst give:
 So fountains which thro' secret channels flow,
 And pour above the floods they take below,
 Back to their father ocean urge their way, 75
 And to the sea the streams it gave repay.

No more we fear the military rage,
 Nurs'd up in some obscure barbarian age;
 Nor dread the ruin of our arts divine
 From thick-skull'd heroes of the Gothic line. 80
 Tho' pale the Romans saw those arms advance,
 And wept their learning lost in ignorance.
 Let brutal rage around its terrors spread,
 The living murder, and consume the dead,
 In impious fires let noblest writings burn, 85
 And with their authors share a common urn,
 Only, ye Fates! our lov'd Bodleian spare,
 Be It, and Learning's self shall be your care;
 Here ev'ry art and ev'ry grace shall join,
 Collected Phœbus here alone shall shine, 90
 Each other seat be dark, and this be all divine.
 Thus when the Greeks imperial Troy defac'd,
 And to the ground its fatal walls debas'd,
 In vain they burn the works of hands divine,
 And vow destruction to the Dardan line, 95
 Whilst good Æneas flies th' unequal wars,
 And with his guardian gods Iulus bears;

* The Bodleian Library.

Old Troy for ever stands in him alone,
And all the Phrygian kings survive in one.

Here still preside each sage's rev'rend shade, 100
In soft repose and easy grandeur laid ;

Their deathless works forbid their fame to die,
Nor Time itself their persons shall destroy,
Preserv'd within the living gallery*.

What greater gift could bounteous Heav'n bestow 105
Than to be seen above and read below ?

With deep respect I bend my duteous head
To see the faithful likenesses of the dead ;

But O! what Muse can equal warmth impart ?

The painter's skill transcends the poet's art. 110

When round the pictur'd founders I descry,

With goodness soft, and great with majesty,

So much of life the artful colours give,

Scarce more within their colleges they live ;

My blood begins in wilder rounds to roll, 115

And pleasing tumults combat in my soul ;

An humble awe my downcast eyes betray,

And only less than adoration pay.

Such were the Roman Fathers when, o'ercome,

They saw the Gauls insult o'er conquer'd Rome, 120

Each captive seem'd the haughty victor's lord,

And prostrate chiefs their awful slaves ador'd.

Such arts as this adorn'd your Lowther's hall,

Where feasting gods carouse upon the wall ;

The nectar, which creating paint supplies, 135

Intoxicates each pleas'd spectator's eyes,

Who view amaz'd the figures, heav'nly fair,

And think they breathe the true Elysian air :

With strokes so bold great Verrio's hand has drawn

The gods in dwellings brighter than their own. 130

Fir'd with a thousand raptures I behold

What lively features grac'd each bard of old ;

Such lips I think did guide his charming tongue,

In such an air as this the poet sung,

* The Picture Gallery.

Such eyes as these glow'd with the sacred fire, 135
And hands like these employ'd th' vocal lyre.
Quite ravish'd I pursue each image o'er,
And scarce admire their deathless labours more.
See, where the gloomy Scaliger appears,
Each shade is critic, and each feature sneers! 140
The artful Ben so smartly strikes the eye,
I more than see a fancy'd comedy;
The muddy Scotus crowns the motley show,
And metaphysics cloud his wrinkled brow;
But distant awe invades my beating breast 145
To see great Ormond in the paint exprest;
With fear I view the figure from afar
Which burns with noble ardour for the war;
But near approaches free my doubting mind,
To view such sweetness with such grandeur join'd.
Here studious heads the graver tablet shows, 151
And there with martial warmth the picture glows;
The blooming youth here boasts a brighter hue,
And painted virgins far outshine the true.
Hail Colours, which with nature bear a strife, 155
And only want a voice to perfect life!
The wond'ring stranger makes a sudden stand,
And pays low homage to the lovely band,
Within each frame a real fair believes,
And vainly thinks the mimic canvass lives, 160
Till undeceiv'd he quits th' enchanting snow
Pleas'd with the art, tho' he laments it too.
So when his Juno bold Ixion woo'd,
And aim'd at pleasures worthy of a god,
A beauteous cloud was form'd by angry Jove, 165
Fit to invite, tho' not indulge his love.
The mortal thought he saw his goddess shine,
And all the lying graces look'd divine;
But when with heat he clasp'd her fancy'd charms,
The empty vapour baulk'd his eager arms. 170
Loth to depart I leave th' inviting scene,
Yet scarce forbear to view it o'er again;

But still new objects give a new delight,
And various prospects bless the wand'ring sight.

Aloft in state the airy tow'rs arise, 175
And with new lustre deck the wond'ring skies.

Lo, to what height the schools ascending reach!
Built with that art which they alone can teach;
The lofty dome expands her spacious gate
Where all the decent Graces jointly wait; 180

In ev'ry shape the god of Art resorts,
And crowds of sages fill th' extended courts.
With wonders fraught the bright museum see,
Itself the greatest curiosity,
Where Nature's choicest treasure all combin'd 135
Delight at once and quite confound the mind;
'Ten thousand splendors strike the dazzl'd eye,
And form on earth another Galaxy.

Here colleges in sweet confusion rise,
There temples seem to reach their native skies; 190
Spires, tow'rs, and groves compose the various shew,
And mingling prospects charm the doubting view.
Who can deny their characters divine,
Without resplendent, and inspir'd within?
But since above my weak and artless lays 195
Let their own poets sing their equal praise.

One labour more my grateful verse renews,
And rears aloft the low-descending Muse;
The building * parent of my young essays
Asks in return a tributary praise. 200

Pillars sublime bear up the learned weight,
And antique sages tread the pompous height,
Whilst guardian Muses shades the happy piles,
And all around diffuse propitious smiles.
Here Lancaster, adorn'd with ev'ry grace, 205
Stands chief in merit, as the chief in place:
To his lov'd name our earliest lays belong,
The theme at once, and patron of our song:

Long may he o'er his much-lov'd Queen's preside,
 Our arts encourage, and our counsels guide, 210
 Till after-ages, fill'd with glad surprize,
 Behold his image all majestic rise.

Where now in pomp a venerable band,
 Princes, and queens, and holy fathers, stand,
 Good Eggesfield * claims homage from the eye, 215
 And the hard stone seems soft with piety ;
 The mighty monarchs still the same appear,
 And ev'ry marble frown provokes the war ;
 Whilst rugged rocks, mark'd with Philippa's face,
 Soften to charms, and glow with new-born grace. 220
 A fight less noble did the warriors yield,
 Transform'd to statues by the Gorgon shield ;
 Distorting fear the coward's form confest,
 And fury seem'd to heave the hero's breast ;
 The lifeless rocks each various thought betray'd, 225
 And all the soul was in the stone display'd.

Too high, my Verse ! has been thy daring flight,
 Thy softer numbers now the groves invite,
 Where silent shades provoke the speaking lyre,
 And cheerful objects happy songs inspire, 230
 At once bestow rewards, and thoughts infuse,
 Compose a garland, and supply a Muse.

Behold around, and see the living green
 In native colours paints a blooming scene ;
 To eternal buds no deadly winter fear, 235
 But scorn the coldest season of the year ;
 Apollo sure will bless the happy place
 Which his own Daphne condescends to grace,
 For here the everlasting laurels grow
 In ev'ry grotto, and on ev'ry brow. 240
 Prospects so gay, demand a Congreve's strains
 To call the gods and nymphs upon the plains ;
 Pan yields his empire o'er the sylvan throng,
 Pleas'd to submit to his superior song.
 Great Denham's genius looks with rapture down, 245
 And Spenser's shade resigns the rural crown.

* Robert Eggesfield, B. D. the founder, 1340.

Fill'd with great thoughts a thousand sages rove
 Thro' ev'ry field and solitary grove,
 Whose souls ascending an exalted height
 Outsoar the drooping Muse's vulgar flight, 250
 That longs to see her darling vot'ries laid
 Beneath the covert of some gentle shade,
 Where purling streams and warbling birds conspire,
 To aid th' enchantments of the trembling lyre.

Bear me, some god, to Christ-church, royal seat! 255
 And lay me softly in the green retreat,
 Where Aldrich holds o'er wit the sov'reign pow'r,
 And crowns the poet which he taught before.
 To Aldrich Britain owes her tuneful Boyle,
 The noblest trophy of the conquer'd isle, 260
 Who adds new warmth to our poetic fire,
 And gives to England the Hibernian lyre.
 Philips, by Phoebus and his Aldrich taught,
 Sings with that heat wherewith his Churchill fought;
 Unfetter'd in great Milton's strain he writes, 265
 Like Milton's angels, whilst his hero fights,
 Pursues the bard, whilst he with honour can,
 Equals the poet, and excels the man.

O'er all the plains, the streams, and woods, around
 The pleasing lays of sweetest bards resound; 270
 A faithful echo ev'ry note returns,
 And list'ning river-gods neglect their urns.
 When Codrington * and Steele, their verse unrein,
 And form an easy, unaffected strain,
 A double wreath of laurel binds their brow, 275
 As they are poets and are warriors too.
 Trapp's lofty scenes in gentle murmurs flow,
 Like Dryden great, and soft as moving Rowe.
 When youthful Harrison, with tuneful skill, 279
 Makes Woodstock Park scarce yield to Cooper's Hill,
 Old Chaucer from th' Elysian Fields look'd down,
 And sees at length a genius like his own;

* The great benefactor to All Souls College.

Charm'd with his lays which reach the shades below
 Fair Rosamonda intermits her woe,
 Forgets the anguish of an injur'd soul, 285
 The fatal poniard, and envenom'd bowl.
 Apollo smiles on Magd'len's peaceful bow'rs,
 Perfumes the air, and paints the grot with flow'rs,
 Where Yalden learn'd to gain the myrtle crown,
 And ev'ry Muse was fond of Addison. 290
 Applauded Man! for weightier trusts design'd,
 For once disdain not to unbend thy mind;
 Thy mother Isis, and her groves rehearse,
 A subject not unworthy of thy verse;
 So Latian fields will cease to boast thy praise, 295
 And yield to Oxford, painted in thy lays;
 And when the age to come, from envy free,
 What thou to Virgil giv'st, shall give to thee.
 Isis immortal by the poet's skill
 " Shall in the smooth description murmur still; " * 300
 New beauties shall adorn our sylvan scene,
 And in thy numbers grow for ever green.
 Danby's fam'd gift † such verse as thine requires,
 Exalted raptures and celestial fires;
 Apollo here should plenteously impart 305
 As well his fing'ring as his curing art.
 Nature herself the healing Garden loves
 Which kindly her declining strength improves,
 Baffles the stroke of unrelenting death,
 Can break his arrows, and can blunt his teeth. 310
 How sweet the landscape! where in living trees
 Here frowns a vegetable Hercules;
 There fam'd Achilles learns to live again,
 And looks yet angry in the mimic scene;
 Here artful birds which blooming arbours show 315
 Seem to fly higher while they upwards grow;

* Letter from Italy by Mr. Addison.

† The Physic garden at Oxford. This hint was happily taken up in 1713, by Dr. Evans.

From the same leaves both arms and warriors rise,
And ev'ry bough a diff'rent charm supplies.

So when our world the great creator made,
And unadorn'd the sluggish chaos laid, 520
Horror and beauty own'd their fire the same,
And form itself from Parent Matter came ;
That lumpish mass alone was source of all,
And bards and themes had one original.

In vain the groves demand my longer stay, 325
The gentle Isis wafts the Muse away.
With ease the river guides her wand'ring stream,
And hastes to mingle with uxorious Thame ;
Attempting poets on her banks lie down,
And quaff, inspir'd, the better Helicon ; 330
Harmonious strains adorn their various themes,
Sweet as the banks and flowing as the streams.

Bless'd we whom bounteous Fortune here has thrown,
And made the various blessings all our own !
Nor crowns nor globes, the pageantry of state, 335
Upon our humble easy slumbers wait,
Nor aught that is Ambition's lofty theme
Disturbs our sleep, and gilds the gaudy dream.
Touch'd by no ills which vex th' unhappy great,
We only read the changes in the state, 340
Triumphant Marlborough's arms at distance hear,
And learn from Fame the rough events of war,
With pointed rhymes the Gallic tyrant pierce,
And make the cannon thunder in our verse.

See how the matchless youth their hours improve,
And in the glorious way to knowledge move ! 346
Eager for fame prevent the rising sun,
And watch the midnight labours of the moon.
Not tender years their bold attempts restrain
Who leave dull Time and hasten into man, 350
Pure to the soul, and pleasing to the eyes,
Like angels youthful and like angels wise.

Some learn the mighty deeds of ages gone,
And by the lives of heroes form their own ;
Now view the Granique chok'd with heaps of slain,
And warring worlds on the Pharsalian plain ; 356

Now hear the trumpets' clangour from afar,
 And all the dreadful harmony of war;
 Now trace those secret tricks that lost a state,
 And search the fine-spun arts that made it great; 360
 Correct those errors that its ruin bred,
 And bid some long lost empire rear its ancient head.

Others, to whom persuasive arts belong,
 (Words in their looks and music on their tongue)
 Instructed by the wit of Greece and Rome 365
 Learn richly to adorn their native home,
 Whilst list'ning crowds confess the sweet surprise
 With pleasure in their breasts and wonder in their eyes.

Here curious minds the latent seeds disclose,
 And Nature's darkest labyrinths expose, 370
 Whilst greater souls the distant worlds descry,
 Pierce to the outstretch'd borders of the sky,
 Enlarge the searching mind and broad expand the eye.

O you whose rising years so great began,
 In whose bright youth I read the shining man, 375
 O Lonsdale! know what noblest minds approve,
 The thoughts they cherish and the arts they love;
 Let these examples your young bosom fire,
 And bid your soul to boundless height aspire.

Methinks I see you in our shades retir'd, 380
 Alike admiring and by all admir'd:
 Your eloquence now charms my ravish'd ear,
 Which future senates shall transported hear;
 Now mournful verse inspires a pleasing woe,
 And now your cheek with warlike fury glow; 385
 Whilst on the paper fancy'd fields appear
 And prospects of imaginary war,
 Your martial souls see Hockstet's fatal plain,
 Or fights the fam'd Ramillia o'er again.

But I in vain these lofty names rehearse, 390
 Above the faint attempts of humble verse,
 Which Garth should in immortal strains design,
 Or Addison exalt with warmth divine:
 A meaner song my tender voice requires,
 And fainter lays confess the fainter fires, 395

By Nature fitted for an humble theme,
 A painted prospect or a murm'ring stream,
 To tune a vulgar note in Echo's praise,
 Whilst Echo's self resounds the flatt'ring lays,
 Or whilst I tell how Myra's charms surprise 400
 Paint roses on her cheeks and sunk within her eyes.

O! did proportion'd height to me belong
 Great Anna's name should grace th' ambitious song,
 Illustrious dames should round their queen resort,
 And Lonsdale's mother crown the splendid court; 405
 Her noble son should boast no vulgar place,
 But share the ancient honours of his race,
 Whilst each fair daughter's face and conqu'ring eyes
 To Venus only should submit the prize.
 O matchless Beauties, more than heav'nly fair, 410
 Your looks resistless and divine your air!
 Let your bright eyes their bounteous beams diffuse,
 And no fond bard shall ask an useless Muse;
 Their kindling rays excite a nobler fire,
 Give beauty to the song and musick to the lyre. 415

This charming theme I ever could pursue,
 And think the inspiration ever new,
 Did not the god my wand'ring pen restrain,
 And bring me to his Oxford back again.

Oxford! the goddess Muse's native home, 420
 Inspir'd like Athens and adorn'd like Rome,
 Hadst thou of old been Learning's fam'd retreat,
 And Pagan Muses chose thy lovely seat,
 O how unbounded had their fiction been!
 What fancy'd visions had adorn'd the scene! 425
 Upon each hill a sylvan Pan had stood,
 And ev'ry thicket boasted of a god,
 Satyrs had frisk'd in each poetic grove,
 And not a stream without its Nymphs could move;
 Each summit had the train of Muses show'd, 430
 And Hippocrene in ev'ry fountain flow'd:
 The tales adorn'd with each poetic grace
 Had look'd almost as charming as the place.

Ev'n now we hear the world with transports own
 Those fictions by more wondrous truths outdone. 435
 Here pure Eusebia keeps her holy seat,
 And Themis smiles from heav'n on this retreat;
 Our chaster Graces own refin'd desires,
 And all our Muses burn with Vestal fires;
 Whilst guardian angels our Apollos stand, 440
 Scatt'ring rich favours with a bounteous hand
 To bless the happy air and sanctify the land.

O pleasing Shades! O ever green Retreats!
 Ye learned Grottoes and ye sacred Seats!
 Never may you politer arts refuse, 445
 But entertain in peace the bashful Muse!
 So may you be kind Heav'n's distinguish'd care,
 And may your fame be lasting as it's fair!
 Let greater bards on fam'd Parnassus dream,
 Or taste th' inspiring Heliconian stream, 450
 Yet whilst our Oxford is the bless'd abode
 Of ev'ry Muse and ev'ry tuneful god
 Parnassus owns it honours far outdone,
 And Isis boasts more bards than Helicon.

A thousand blessings I to Oxford owe, 455
 But you my Lord th' inspiring Muse bestow:
 Grac'd with your name th' unpolish'd poem shines;
 You guard its faults and consecrate the lines:
 O! might you here meet my desiring eyes
 My drooping song to nobler heights wou'd rise; 460
 Or might I come to breathe your northern air
 Yet should I find an equal pleasure there;
 Your presence would the harsher climate sooth
 Hush ev'ry wind and ev'ry mountain smooth.,
 Would bid the groves in springing pomp arise, 465
 And open charming vistas to the eyes,
 Would make my trifling verse be heard around,
 And sportive Echo play the empty sound:
 With you I should a better Phoebus find,
 And own in you alone the charms of Oxford join'd. 470

PROLOGUE

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, 1713.

WHAT kings henceforth shall reign, what states be
 Is fix'd at length by Anna's just decree; [free,
 Whose brows the Muse's sacred wreath shall fit
 Is left to you, the arbiters of wit.

With beating hearts the rival poets wait 5
 Till you Athenians shall decide their fate,
 Secure when to these learned seats they come
 Of equal judgment and impartial doom.

Poor is the player's fame, whose whole renown
 Is but the praise of a capricious town, 10

While with mock majesty and fancy'd pow'r
 He struts in robes, the monarch of an hour
 Oft' wide of nature must he act a part,
 Make love in tropes, in bombast break his heart,
 In turn and simile resign his breath, 15
 And rhyme and quibble in the pangs of death.

We blush when plays like these receive applause,
 And laugh in secret at the tears we cause,
 With honest scorn our own success disdain,
 A worthless honour and inglorious gain. 20

No trifling scenes at Oxford shall appear;
 Well, what we blush to act may you to hear;
 To you our fam'd, our standard plays we bring,
 The work of poets whom you taught to sing:
 Tho' crown'd with fame they dare not think it due, 25
 Nor take the laurel till bestow'd by you.

Great Cato's self, the glory of the stage!
 Who charms, corrects, exalts, and fires, the age,
 Begs here he may be try'd by Roman laws;
 To you, O Fathers! he submits his cause: 30
 He rests not in the people's gen'ral voice
 Till you the senate have confirm'd his choice.

Fine is the secret, delicate the art,
To wind the passions and command the heart!
For fancy'd ills to force our tears to flow, 35
And make the gen'rous soul in love with woe,
To raise the shades of heroes to our view,
Rebuild fall'n empires and old time renew,
How hard the task! how rare the godlike rage!
None should presume to dictate for the stage, 40
But such as boast a great extensive mind,
Enrich'd by Nature and by Art refin'd:
Who from the ancient stores their knowledge bring,
And tasted early of the Muse's spring.
May none pretend upon her throne to sit 45
But such as sprung from you are born to wit;
Chose by the mob their lawless claim we flight;
Your's is the old hereditary right. 48



COLIN AND LUCY,

A BALLAD.

OF Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,
 Bright Lucy was the grace,
 Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
 Reflect so sweet a face;

4

Till luckless love and pining care
 Impair'd her rosy hue,
 Her coral lips and damask cheeks,
 And eyes of glossy blue.

8

Oh! have you seen a lily pale
 When beating rains descend?
 So droop'd the slow-consuming maid,
 Her life now near its end.

12

By Lucy warn'd, of flatt'ring swains
 Take heed, ye easy Fair!
 Of vengeance due to broken vows,
 Ye perjur'd Swains! beware.

16

Three times all in the dead of night
 A bell was heard to ring,
 And shrieking at her window thrice
 The raven flapp'd his wing.

20

Too well the lovelorn maiden knew
 The solemn boding sound,
 And thus in dying words bespoke
 The virgins weeping round:

24

“ I hear a voice you cannot hear
 “ Which says I must not stay;
 “ I see a hand you cannot see,
 “ Which beckons me away.

28

“ By a false heart and broken vows
“ In early youth I die.
“ Was I to blame because his bride
“ Was thrice as rich as I? 32

“ Ah, Colin! give not her thy vows,
“ Vows due to me alone;
“ Nor thou, fond Maid! receive his kifs,
“ Nor think him all thy own. 36

“ To-morrow in the church to wed
“ Impatient both prepare;
“ But know, fond Maid! and know, false Man!
“ That Lucy will be there. 40

“ Then bear my corse, my Comrades! bear,
“ This bridegroom blithe to meet,
“ He in his wedding-trim so gay,
“ I in my winding sheet.” 44

She spoke; she dy'd. Her corse was borne
The bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding trim so gay,
She in her winding sheet. 48

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts?
How were these nuptials kept?
The bridesmen flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept. 52

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell;
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He shook, he groan'd, he fell. 56

From the vain bride, ah! bride no more!
The varying crimson fled,
When stretch'd before her rival's corse
She saw her husband dead. 60

Then to his Lucy's newmade grave
Convey'd by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever he remains.

64

Oft' at this grave the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen ;
With garlands grey and true-love knots
They deck the sacred green.

68

But, swain forsworn ! whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd spot forbear ;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.



AN IMITATION
OF
THE PROPHECY OF NEREUS,
FROM HOR. BOOK III, ODE XXV.

Dicam insigne, recens, adhuc
Indictum ore alio : non secus in jugis
Ex somnis stupet Evias
Hebrum prospiciens, et nive candidam
Thracen, ac pede barbaro
Lustratam Rhodopen. HOR.

AS Marr his round one morning took,
(Whom some call Earl and some call Duke)
And his new brethren of the blade
Shiv'ring with fear and frost survey'd,
On Perth's bleak hills he chanc'd to spy
An aged wizard six feet high,
With bristled hair and visage blighted,
Wall-ey'd, bare-haunch'd, and second-sighted.

5

The grizzly sage in thought profound
Beheld the chief with back so round,
Then roll'd his eyeballs to and fro
O'er his paternal hills of snow,
And into these tremendous speeches
Broke forth the prophet without breeches :

10

“ Into what ills betrayed by thee
“ This ancient kingdom do I see !
“ Her realms unpeopled and forlorn ;
“ Wae's me that ever thou wert born !
“ Proud English loons (our Clans o'ercome)
“ On Scottish pads shall amble home ;
“ I see them drest in bonnets blue,
“ (The spoils of thy rebellious crew)
“ I see the target cast away,
“ And checker'd plaid become their prey ;
“ The checker'd plaid, to make a gown
“ For many a lass in London town.

15

20

25

- " In vain thy nungry mountaineers
 " Come forth in al thy warlike geers,
 " The shield, the pistol, dirk, and dagger,
 " In which they daily wont to swagger,
 " And oft' have sally'd out to pillage
 " The henroosts of some peaceful village,
 " Or while their neighbours were asleep
 " Have carry'd off a lowland sheep.
 " What boots thy high born host of beggars,
 " Macleans, Mackenzies, and Macgregors,
 " With Popish cut-throats, perjur'd ruffians,
 " And Forster's troop of ragamuffins?
 " In vain thy lads around thee bandy,
 " Inflam'd with bagpipe and with brandy
 " Doth not bold Sutherland, the trusty,
 " With heart so true and voice so rusty,
 " (A loyal soul!) thy troops affright,
 " While hoarsely he demands the fight?
 " Dost thou not gen'rous Ilay dread,
 " The bravest hand, the wisest head?
 " Undaunted dost thou hear th' alarms
 " Of hoary Athol sheath'd in arms?
 " Douglas, who draws his lineage down
 " From thanes and peers of high renown,
 " Fiery and young, and uncontroll'd,
 " With knights and squires, and barons bold,
 " (His noble household band) advances,
 " And on the milk-white courser prances.
 " Thee Forfar to the combat dares,
 " Grown swarthy in Iberian wars;
 " And Monro kindled into rage
 " Sourly defies thee to engage;
 " He'll rout thy foot tho' ne'er so many,
 " And horse to boot—if thou hadst any.
 " But see Argyle with watchful eyes
 " Lodg'd in his deep entrenchments lies;
 " Couch'd like a lion in the way
 " He waits to spring upon his prey,

- “ While like a herd of tim’rous deer
“ Thy army shakes and pants with fear,
“ Led by their doughty gen’ral’s skill
“ From frith to frith from hill to hill,
“ Is thus thy haughty promise paid
“ That to the Chevalier was made,
“ When thou didst oaths and duty barter
“ For dukedom, gen’ralship, and garter?
“ Three moons thy Jemmy shall command
“ With Highland scepter in his hand,
“ Too good for his pretended birth,—
“ Then down shall fall the King of Perth.
“ ’Tis, so decreed ; for George shall reign,
“ And traitors be forsworn in vain ;
“ Heav’n shall for ever on him smile,
“ And bless him still with an Argyle ;
“ While thou pursued by vengeful foes,
“ Condemned to barren rocks and snows,
“ And hinder’d passing Inverlocky,
“ Shall burn thy clan and curse poor Jocky.”



TO THE SUPPOSED
AUTHOR OF THE SPECTATOR.

IN courts licentious and a shameful stage
How long the war with wit shall virtue wage?
Enchanted by this prostituted fair,
Our youth run headlong in the fatal snare,
In height of rapture clasp unheeded pains, 5
And suck pollution thro' their tingling veins.
Thy spotless thoughts unshock'd the priest may hear,
And the pure Vestal in her bosom wear.
To conscious blushes and diminish'd pride
Thy glass betrays what treach'rous love would hide;
Nor harsh thy precepts, but infus'd by stealth, 11
Pleas'd while they cure and cheat us into health.
Thy works in Chloe's toilet gain a part,
And with his tailor share the foppling's heart.
Lash'd in thy satire the penurious Cit 15
Laughs at himself and finds no harm in wit.
From felon gamesters the raw squire is free,
And Britain owes her rescu'd oaks to thee.
His miss the frolic Viscount dreads to toast,
Or his third cure the shallow Templar boast; 20
And the rash fool who scorn'd the beaten road,
Dares quake at thunder and confess his God.
The brainless stripling who expell'd the Town
Damn'd the stiff college and pedantic gown,
Aw'd by thy name is dumb, and thrice a-week 25
Spells uncouth Latin and pretends to Greek.
A faunt'ring tribe! such born to wide estates
With Yea and No in senates hold debates;
At length despis'd, each to his field retires,
First with the dogs, and king amidst the squires; 30
From pert to stupid sinks supinely down,
In youth a coxcomb and in age a clown.

Such readers scorn'd, thou wing'st thy daring flight
 Above the stars, and treadst the fields of light :
 Fame, heav'n and hell are thy exalted theme, 35
 And visions such as Jove himself might dream ;
 Man sunk to slavery tho' to glory born,
 Heav'n's pride when upright, and deprav'd his scorn.

Such hints alone could British Virgil lend,
 And thou alone deserve from such a friend : 40
 A debt so borrow'd is illustrious shame,
 And fame when shar'd with him is double fame.
 So flush'd with sweets by Beauty's Queen bestow'd
 With more than mortal charms Æneas glow'd :
 Such gen'rous strifes Eugene and Marlb'rough try,
 And as in glory so in friendship vie. 46

Permit these lines by thee to live—nor blame
 A Muse that pants and languishes for fame,
 That fears to sink when humbler themes she sings.
 Lost in the mass of mean forgotten things. 50
 Receiv'd by thee, I prophesy my Rhymes
 The praise of virgins in succeeding times :
 Mix'd with thy works their life no bounds shall see,
 But stand protected as inspired by thee.

So some weak shoot, which else would poorly rise,
 Jove's tree adopts, and lifts him to the skies ; 56
 Thro' the new pupil fost'ring juices flow,
 Thrust forth the germs and give the flow'rs to blow ;
 Aloft, immortal reigns the plant unknown
 With borrow'd life, and vigour not his own. 60



TO MR. ADDISON,

ON HIS OPERA OF ROSAMOND.

“ ————— Ne ferte pudori
 “ sit tibi Musa lyræ f lers, et cantor Apollo.”

THE Opera first Italian masters taught,
 Enrich'd with songs, but innocent of thought :
 Britannia's learned theatre disdains
 Melodious trifles and enervate strains,
 And blushes on her injur'd stage to see
 Nonsense well-tun'd, and sweet stupidity. 5

No charms are wanting to thy artful song,
 Soft as Corelli, and as Virgil strong :
 From words so sweet new grace the notes receive,
 And Music borrows helps she us'd to give. 10
 Thy style hath match'd what ancient Romans knew,
 Thy flowing numbers far excel the new,
 Their cadence in such easy sound convey'd,
 Their height of thought may seem superfluous aid ;
 Yet in such charms the noble thoughts abound 15
 That needless seem the sweets of easy sound.

Landscapes how gay the bow'ry grotto yields
 Which Thought creates and lavish Fancy builds !
 What art can trace the visionary scenes,
 The flow'ry groves and everlasting greens, 20
 The babling sounds that mimic Echo plays,
 The Fairy shade and its eternal maze ?
 Nature and Art in all their charms combin'd,
 And all Elysium to one view confin'd !
 No further could imagination roam 25
 Till Vanbrug fram'd, and Marlb'rough rais'd the dome.

Ten thousand pangs my anxious bosom tear,
 When drown'd in tears I see th' imploring fair ;
 When bards less soft the moving words supply,
 A seeming justice dooms the nymph to die : 30

But here she begs, nor can she beg in vain,
 (In dirges thus the expiring swans complain;) 35
 Each verse so swells, expressive of her woes,
 And ev'ry tear in lines so mournful flows,
 We spite of fame her fate revers'd believe,
 O'erlook her crimes, and think she ought to live.

Let joy salute fair Rosamonda's shade,
 And wreaths of myrtle crown the lovely maid,
 While now perhaps with Dido's ghost she roves,
 And hears and tells the story of their loves, 40
 Alike they mourn, alike they bless their fate,
 Since love which made them wretched made them great,
 Nor longer that relentless doom bemoan
 Which gain'd a Virgil and an Addison.

Accept, great Monarch of the British lays, 45
 The tribute song an humble subject pays;
 So tries the artless lark her early flight,
 And soars to hail the god of Verse and Light,
 Unrival'd as unmatch'd be still thy fame,
 And thy own laurels shade thy envy'd name! 50
 Thy name, the boast of all the tuneful choir
 Shall tremble on the strings of ev'ry lyre
 While the charm'd reader with thy thought complies,
 Feels correspondent joys and sorrows rise,
 And views thy Rosamond with Henry's eyes. 55



TO THE SAME,

ON HIS TRAGEDY OF CATO.

TOO long hath love engross'd Britannia's stage,
And sunk to softness all our tragic rage;
By that alone did empires fall or rise.

And fate depended on a fair one's eyes:

The sweet infection mixt with dang'rous art

Debas'd our manhood while it sooth'd the heart:

You scorn to raise a grief thyself must blame,

Nor from our weakness steal a vulgar fame:

A patriot's fall may justly melt the mind,

And tears flow nobly shed for all mankind.

How do our souls with gen'rous pleasure glow,
Our hearts exulting while our eyes o'erflow,
When thy firm hero stands beneath the weight
Of all his suff'rings venerably great,

Rome's poor remains still shelt'ring by his side

With conscious virtue and becoming pride!

The aged oak thus rears his head in air,

His sap exhausted and his branches bare;

'Midst storms and earthquakes he maintains his state

Fixt deep in earth and fasten'd by his weight;

His naked boughs still lend the shepherd's aid,

And his old trunk projects an awful shade.

Amidst the joys triumphant peace bestows

Our patrots sadden at his glorious woes;

Awhile they let the world's great business wait,

Anxious for Rome, and sigh for Cato's fate.

Here taught how ancient heroes rose to fame

Our Britons crowd and catch the Roman flame,

Where states and senates well might lend an ear,

And kings and priests without a blush appear.

France boasts no more, but fearful to engage,

Now first pays homage to her rival's stage,

Hastes to learn thee, and learning shall submit

Alike to British arms and British wit:

No more she'll wonder, forc'd to do us right,
Who think like Romans could like Romans fight.

35

Thy Oxford smiles this glorious work to see,
And fondly triumphs in a son like thee.

The senates, consuls, and the gods of Rome,
Like old acquaintance at their native home,

40

In thee we find each deed, each word exprest,
And ev'ry thought that swell'd a Roman breast,

We trace each hint that could thy soul inspire
With Virgil's judgment and with Lucan's fire.

We know thy worth, and, give us leave to boast,
We most admire because we know thee most.

46



TO THE EARL OF WARWICK.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. ADDISON.

IF dumb too long the drooping Muse hath stay'd,
 And left her debt to Addison unpaid,
 Blame not her silence, Warwick! but bemoan,
 And judge, oh judge my bosom by your own!
 What mourner ever felt poetic fires! 5
 Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires:
 Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
 Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.
 Can I forget the dismal night that gave
 My soul's best part for ever to the grave! 10
 How silent did his old companions tread
 By midnight lamps the mansions of the dead,
 Thro' breathing statues, then unheeded things,
 Thro' rows of warrior's, and thro' walks of kings!
 What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire, 15
 The pealing organ, and the pausing choir,
 The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate paid,
 And the last words that dust to dust convey'd!
 While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
 Accept these tears thou dear departed friend! 20
 Oh, gone for ever! take this long adieu,
 And sleep in peace next thy lov'd Montague.
 To strew fresh laurels let the task be mine,
 A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine;
 Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan, 25
 And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
 If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part
 May shame afflict this alienated heart!
 Of thee forgetful if I form a song
 My lyre be broken and untun'd my tongue, 30
 My grief be doubled from thy image free,
 And mirth a torment unchastis'd by thee!

Oft' let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
 Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown,
 Along the walls where speaking marbles show 35
 What worthies form the hallow'd mould below:
 Proud names! who once the reins of empire held,
 In arms who triumph'd, or in arts excell'd,
 Chiefs grac'd with scars, and prodigal of blood,
 Stern patriots, who for sacred Freedom stood, 40
 Just men by whom impartial laws were giv'n,
 And saints who taught and led the way to heav'n.
 Ne'er to these chambers where the mighty rest,
 Since their foundation came a nobler guest,
 Nor e'er was to the bow'rs of bliss convey'd 45
 A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.

In what new region to the just assign'd,
 What new employments please th' unbody'd mind?
 A winged Virtue thro' th' ethereal sky
 From world to world unweary'd does he fly, 50
 Or curious trace the long laborious maze
 Of Heav'n's decrees where wond'ring angels gaze?
 Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
 How Michael battled, and the dragon fell,
 Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow 55
 In hymns of love not ill essay'd below?
 Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind?
 A task well suited to thy gentle mind.
 Oh! if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
 To me thy aid, thou guardian Genius! lend. 60
 When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
 When pain distresses or when pleasure charms,
 In silent whisp'rings purer thoughts impart,
 And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart,
 Lead thro' the paths thy virtue trod before, 65
 Till bliss shall join, nor death can part no more.

That awful form which, so the Heav'ns decree,
 Must still be lov'd, and still deplor'd by me,
 In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
 Or rous'd by Fancy meets my waking eyes. 70

If bus'ness calls, or crowded courts invite,
 Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight;
 If in the stage I seek to sooth my care
 I meet his soul, which breathes in Cato there;
 If pensive to the rural shades I rove,
 His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove;
 'Twas there of just and good he reason'd strong,
 Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song;
 There patient show'd us the wise course to steer,
 A candid censor, and a friend severe;
 There taught us how to live, and (oh! too high
 The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

75

80

Thou Hill: whose brow, the antique structures grace,
 Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
 Why, once so lov'd, whene'er thy bow'r appears
 O'er my dim eye-balls glance the sudden tears!
 How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
 Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air!
 How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
 Thy noontide shadow, and thy ev'ning breeze!
 His image thy forsaken bow'rs restore,
 Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more,
 No more the summer in thy glooms allay'd,
 Thy ev'ning breezes, and thy noon-day shade.

85

90

From other ills, however Fortune frown'd,
 Some refuge in the Muse's art I found;
 Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
 Bereft of him who taught me how to sing,
 And these sad accents murmur'd o'er his urn,
 Betray that absence they attempt to mourn.
 O! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,
 And Craggs in death, to Addison succeeds)
 The verse begun to one lost friend prolong,
 And weep a second in th' unfinish'd song!

95

100

104

These works divine, which on his death-bed laid,
 To thee, O Craggs! th' expiring Sage convey'd,
 Great but ill-omen'd monument of fame,
 Nor he surviv'd to give, nor thou to claim;

Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
And close to his, how soon! thy coffin lies. 110
Blest Pair! whose union future bards shall tell
In future tongues, each other's boast, farewell!
Farewel! whom join'd in fame, in friendship try'd,
No chance could sever, nor the grave divide. 114



AN EPISTLE

From a Lady in England to a Gentleman at Avignon.

TO thee, dear Rover! and thy vanquish'd friends,
The health she wants thy gentle Chloe sends:
Tho' much you suffer think I suffer more,
Worse than an exile on my native shore.

Companions in your master's flight you roam 5
Unenvy'd by your haughty foes at home;
For ever near the Royal Outlaw's side
You share his fortunes and his hopes divide,
On glorious schemes and thoughts of empire dwell,
And with imaginary titles swell. 10

Say, for thou know'st I own his sacred line,
The passive doctrine and the right divine,
Say, what new succours does the Chief prepare?
The strength of armies or the force of pray'r?
Does he from heav'n or earth his hopes derive? 15
From saints departed or from priests alive?
Nor saints nor priests can Brunswick's troops with-
stand,

And beads drop useless thro' the zealot's hand.
Heav'n to our vows may future kingdoms owe,
But skill and courage win the crowns below. 20

Ere to thy cause and thee my heart inclin'd,
Or love to party had seduc'd my mind,
In female joys I took a dull delight,
Slept all the morn and punted half the night;
But now with fears and public cares possess'd 25
The Church! the Church! for ever breaks my rest.
The Postboy on my pillow I explore,
And sift the news of ev'ry foreign shore,
Studious to find new friends and new allies,
What armies march from Sweden in disguise, 30
How Spain prepares her banners to unfold,
And Rome deals out her blessings and her gold;

Then o'er the map my finger taught to stray
 Cross many a region marks the winding way ;
 From sea to sea, from realm to realm, I rove, 35
 And grow a mere geographer by love ;
 But still Avignon and the pleasing coast
 That holds thee banish'd, claims my care the most ;
 Oft' on the well-known spot I fix my eyes,
 And span the distance that between us lies. 40

Let not our James tho' foil'd in arms despair
 Whilst on his side he reckons half the fair.
 In Britain's lovely isle a shining throng
 War in his cause, a thousand beauties strong.
 Th' unthinking victors vainly boast their pow'rs ; 45
 Be theirs the musket while the tongue is ours.
 We reason with such fluency and fire
 The beaux we baffle and the learned tire,
 Against her prelates plead the church's cause,
 And from our judges vindicate the laws. 50
 Then mourn not, hapless Prince ! thy kingdoms lost,
 A crown tho' late thy sacred brows may boast ;
 Heav'n seems thro' us thy empire to decree ;
 Those who win hearts have giv'n their hearts to thee.

Hast thou not heard, that when profusely gay 55
 Our well drest rivals grac'd their sov'reig'ns day,
 We stubborn damsels met the public view,
 In loathsome wormwood and repenting rue ?
 What Whig but trembled when our spotless hand
 In virgin roses whiten'd half the land ! 60
 Who can forget what fears the foe possess
 When oaken boughs mark'd ev'ry loyal breast !
 Less scar'd than Medway's stream the Norman stood
 When cross the plain he spy'd a marching wood,
 Till near at hand a gleam of swords betray'd 65
 The youth of Kent beneath its wand'ring shade.

Those who the succours of the fair despise
 May find that we have nails as well as eyes.
 Thy female bands, O Prince by Fortune cross !
 At least more courage than thy men can boast. 70



TICKELL.

Nor fears the hawk in her warbling note,
To vend the discontented Statesman's thought.

Vide Epistle page 99 L. 79.

Our sex has dar'd the mughouse chiefs to meet,
 And purchas'd fame in many a well-fought street:
 From Drury-Lane, the region of renown,
 The land of love, the Paphos of the Town,
 Fair patriots sallying oft' have put to flight, 75
 With all their poles, the guardians of the night,
 And bore with screams of triumph to their side
 The leader's staff in all its painted pride.
 Nor fears the hawker, in her warbling note,
 To vend the discontented statesman's thought; 80
 Tho' red with stripes, and recent from the thong,
 Sore smitten for the love of sacred song,
 The tuneful sisters still pursue their trade
 Like Philomela, darkling in the shade.
 Poor Trott attends, forgetful of a fare, 85
 And hums in concert o'er his easy chair.

Mean while regardless of the royal cause
 His sword for James no brother sov'reign draws;
 The Pope himself, surrounded with alarms,
 To France his bulls, to Corfu sends his arms; 90
 And tho' he hears his darling son's complaint
 Can hardly spare one tutelary saint,
 But lists them all to guard his own abodes,
 And into ready money coins his gods.
 The dauntless Swede pursu'd by vengeful foes 95
 Scarce keeps his own hereditary snows;
 Nor must the friendly roof of kind Lorraine
 With feasts regale our garter'd youth again.
 Safe, Bar-le Duc! within thy silent grove
 The pheasant now may perch, the hare may rove;
 The knight who aims unerring from afar, 101
 Th' advent'rous knight, now quits the sylvan war;
 Thy branded boars may slumber undismay'd,
 Or grunt secure beneath the chesnut shade.
 Inconstant Orleans! (still we mourn the day 105
 That trusted Orleans with imperial sway)
 Far o'er the Alps our helpless monarch sends,
 Far from the call of his desponding friends;

Such are the terms to gain Britannia's grace,
And such the terrors of the Brunswick race! 110

Was it for this the sun's whole lustre fail'd,
And sudden midnight o'er the moon prevail'd?
For this did Heav'n display to mortal eyes
Aerial knights and combats in the skies? 114

Was it for this Northumbrian streams look'd red,
And Thames driv'n backward shew'd his secret bed?
False auguries! th' insulting victor's scorn!

E'en our own prodigies against us turn!
O Portents! constru'd on our side in vain,
Let never Tory trust eclipse again. 120

Run clear, ye Fountains! be at peace, ye Skies!
And Thames! henceforth to thy green borders rise.

To Rome then must the Royal Wand'rer go,
And fall a suppliant at the papal toe?
His life in sloth inglorious must he wear, 125
One half in luxury and one in pray'r?

His mind perhaps at length debauch'd with ease
The proffer'd purple and the hat may please.

Shall he, whose ancient patriarchal race
To mighty Nimrod in one line we trace,
In solemn conclave sit, devoid of thought,
And poll for points of faith his trusty vote?

Be summon'd to his stall in time of need,
And with his casting suffrage fix a creed?
Shall he in robes on stated days appear, 135
And English heretics curse once a-year?

Garnet and Faux shall he with pray'rs invoke,
And beg that Smithfield piles once more may smoke?
Forbid it, Heav'n! my soul to fury wrought
Turns almost Hanoverian at the thought. 140

From James and Rome I feel my heart decline,
And fear, O Brunswick! t'will be wholly thine;
Yet still his share thy rival will contest,
And still the double claim divides my breast.
The fate of James with pitying eyes I view, 145
And wish my homage were not Brunswick's due:

To James my passion and my weakness guide,
 But reason sways me to the victor's side.
 Tho' griev'd I speak it, let the truth appear ;
 You know my language, and my heart sincere. 150
 In vain did falsehood his fair frame disgrace ;
 What force had falsehood when he show'd his face ?
 In vain to war our boastful Clans were led ;
 Heaps driv'n on heaps, in the dire shock they fled.
 France shuns his wrath, nor raises to our shame 155
 A second Dunkirk in another name.
 In Britain's funds their wealth all Europe throws,
 And up the Thames the world's abundance flows.
 Spite of feign'd fears, and artificial cries,
 The pious Town sees fifty churches rise. 160
 The hero triumphs as his worth is known,
 And sits more firmly on his shaken throne.

To my sad thought no beam of hope appears
 Thro' the long prospect of succeeding years.
 The son aspiring to his father's fame 165
 Shows all his fire, another, and the same :
 He blest in lovely Carolina's arms
 To future ages propagates her charms.
 With pain and joy at strife I often trace
 The mingled parents in each daughter's face ; 170
 Half sick'ning at the sight, too well I spy
 The father's spirit thro' the mother's eye :
 In vain new thoughts of rage I entertain,
 And strive to hate their innocence in vain.

O Princess ! happy by thy foes confest, 175
 Blest in thy husband, in thy children blest,
 As they from thee, from them new beauties born
 While Europe lasts shall Europe's thrones adorn ;
 Transplanted to each court, in times to come
 Thy smile celestial and unfading bloom 180
 Great Austria's sons with softer lines shall grace,
 And smooth the frowns of Bourbon's haughty race :
 The fair descendants of thy sacred bed
 Wide branching o'er the western world shall spread

Like the fam'd Banian tree, whose pliant shoot 185
 To earthward bending of itself takes root,
 Till like their mother-plant ten thousand stand
 In verdant arches on the fertile land ;
 Beneath her shade the tawny Indians rove,
 Or hunt at large thro' the wide echoing grove. 190

O thou ! to whom these mournful lines I send,
 My promis'd husband, and my dearest friend,
 Since Heav'n appoints this favour'd race to reign,
 And blood has drench'd the Scottish fields in vain,
 Must I be wretched, and thy flight partake ? 195
 Or wilt not thou for thy lov'd Chloe's sake,
 Tir'd out at length, submit to Fate's decree ?
 If not to Brunswick, O return to me !
 Prostrate before the victor's mercy bend ; 199
 What spares whole thousands may to thee extend.
 Should blinded friends thy doubtful conduct blame,
 Great Brunswick's virtues shall secure thy fame :
 Say these invite thee to approach his throne,
 And own the monarch Heav'n vouchsafes to own :
 The world convinc'd, thy reasons will approve ;
 Say this to them, but swear to me 'twas love. 206



TO APOLLO MAKING LOVE,

FROM MONS. FONTENELLE.

I.

“ I AM, (cry’d Apollo,) when Daphne he woo’d,
 And panting for breath the coy virgin pursu’d,
 When his wisdom in manner most ample exprest
 The long list of the graces his godship posselt; 4

II.

“ I’m the god of sweet song, and inspirer of lays ;”
 Nor for lays, nor sweet song, the fair fugitive stays :
 “ I’m the god of the harp—stop, my Fairest !”—in vain ;
 Nor the harp, nor the harper, could fetch her again. 8

III.

“ Ev’ry plant, ev’ry flow’r, and their virtues, I know ;
 “ God of Light I’m above, and of Physic below :”
 At the dreadful word Physic the nymph fled more fast ;
 At the fatal word Physic she doubled her haste. 12

IV.

Thou fond god of Wisdom ! then alter thy phrase,
 Bid her view the young bloom, and thy ravishing rays ;
 Tell her less of thy knowledge and more of thy charms,
 And, my life for it, the damsel will fly to thy arms. 16

VERSES TO MRS. LOWTHER,

ON HER MARRIAGE,

FROM MENAGE.

THE greatest swain that treads the Arcadian grove
Our shepherds envy, and our virgins love,
His charming nymph his softer fair obtains,
The bright Diana of our flow'ry plains;
He 'midst the graceful of superior grace, 5
And she the loveliest of the loveliest race.

Thy fruitful influence guardian Juno shed,
And crown the pleasure of the genial bed;
Raise thence, their future joy, a smiling heir,
Brave as the father, as the mother fair. 10
Well may'st thou show'r thy choicest gifts on those
Who boldly rival thy most hated foes;
The vig'rous bridegroom with Alcides vies,
And the fair bride has Cytherea's eyes. 14



TO A LADY BEFORE MARRIAGE.

OH! form'd by Nature, and refin'd by art,
 With charms to win, and sense to fix the heart,
 By thousands sought, Clotilda! canst thou flee
 Thy crowd of captives, and descend to me,
 Content in shades obscure to waste thy life, 5
 A hidden beauty, and a country wife?
 O! listen while thy summers are my theme,
 Ah! sooth thy partner in his waking dream.
 In some small hamlet on the lonely plain, 9
 Where Thames thro' meadows rolls his mazy train,
 Or where high Windsor, thick with greens array'd,
 Waves his old oaks, and spreads his ample shade,
 Fancy has figur'd out our calm retreat;
 Already round the visionary seat
 Our limes begin to shoot, our flow'rs to spring, 15
 The brooks to murmur, and the birds to sing.
 Where dost thou lie, thou thinly-peopled green,
 Thou nameless lawn, and village yet unseen,
 Where sons, contented with their native ground,
 Ne'er travell'd further than ten furlongs round, 20
 And the tann'd peasant, and his ruddy bride,
 Were born together, and together dy'd,
 Where early larks best tell the morning light,
 And only Philomel disturbs the night?
 'Midst gardens here my humble pile shall rise, 25
 With sweets furrounded of ten thousand dyes;
 All savage where th' embroider'd gardens end,
 The haunt of Echoes shall my wood ascend;
 And oh! if Heav'n th' ambitious thought approve,
 A rill shall warble cross the gloomy grove; 30
 A little rill, o'er pebbly beds convey'd,
 Gush down the steep, and glitter thro' the glade.
 What cheering scents these bord'ring banks exhale!
 How loud that heifer lows from yonder vale!

That thrush how shrill ! his note so clear, so high, 35
He drowns each feather'd minstrel of the sky.
Here let me trace, beneath the purpled Morn,
The deep mouth'd beagle, and the sprightly horn,
Or lure the trout with well-dissembled flies,
Or fetch the flutt'ring partridge from the skies. 40
Nor shall thy hand disdain to crop the vine,
The downy peach, or flavour'd nectarine,
Or rob the beehive of its golden hoard,
And bear th' unbought luxuriance to thy board.
Sometimes my books by day shall kill the hours, 45
While from thy needle rise the silken flow'rs,
And thou by turns to ease my feeble sight
Resume the volume, and deceive the night.
Oh ! when I mark thy twinkling eyes oppress'd,
Soft whisp'ring let me warn my love to rest, 50
Then watch thee charm'd, while sleep locks ev'ry sense,
And to sweet Heav'n commend thy innocence.
Thus reign'd our fathers o'er the rural fold,
Wise, hale, and honest, in the days of old,
Till courts arose, where substance pays for show, 55
And specious joys are bought with real woe.
See Flavia's pendants, large, well spread and right ;
The ear that wears them hears a fool each night.
Mark how th' embroider'd col'nel sneaks away,
To shun the with'ring dame that made him gay. 60
That knave to gain a title lost his fame ;
That rais'd his credit by a daughter's shame :
This coxcomb's ribband cost him half his land,
And oaks unnumber'd bought that fool a wand.
Fond man, as all his sorrows were too few, 65
Acquires strange wants that Nature never knew,
By midnight lamps he emulates the day,
And sleeps perverse the cheerful suns away ;
From goblets high embost his wine must glide,
Round his clos'd sight the gorgeous curtain slide, 70
Fruits ere their time to grace his pomp must rise,
And three untasted courses glut his eyes ;

For this are Nature's gentle calls withstood,
The voice of conscience, and the bonds of blood;
This wisdom thy reward for every pain, 75
And this gay glory all thy mighty gain:
Fair phantoms woo'd, and scorn'd from age to age
Since bards began to laugh, or priests to rage,
And yet, just curse on man's aspiring kind!
Prone to ambition, to example blind, 80
Our children's children shall our steps pursue,
And the same errors be for ever new.
Meanwhile in hope a guiltless country swain,
My reed with warblings cheers th' imagin'd plain.
Hail, humble Shades! where truth and silence dwell;
Thou noisy Town, and faithless Court! farewell; 86
Farewel ambition, once my darling flame,
The thirst of lucre, and the charm of fame;
In life's bye-road, that winds thro' paths unknown,
My days tho' number'd shall be all my own: 90
Here shall they end, (O! might they twice begin)
And all be white the Fates intend to spin. 92



TO A LADY,

WITH A PRESENT OF FLOWERS.

THE fragrant painting of our flow'ry fields,
 The choicest stores that youthful Summer yields,
 Strephon to fair Elisa hath convey'd,
 The sweetest Garland to the sweetest maid!
 O cheer the flow'rs, my Fair! and let them rest 5
 On the Elysium of thy snowy breast,
 And there regale the smell, and charm the view
 With richer odours and a lovelier hue.
 Learn hence, nor fear a flatt'rer in the Flow'r,
 Thy form divine and beauty's matchless pow'r: 10
 Faint near thy cheeks the bright carnation glows,
 And thy ripe lips outblush the op'ning rose;
 The lily's snow betrays less pure a light,
 Lost in thy bosom's more unfully'd white;
 And wreaths of jasmine shed perfumes beneath 15
 Th' ambrosial incense of thy balmy breath.
 Ten thousand beauties grace the rival pair;
 How fair the Chaplet, and the Nymph how fair!
 But ah! too soon these fleeting charms decay,
 The fading lustre of one hast'ning day; 20
 This night shall see the gaudy Wreath decline,
 The roses wither, and the lilies pine.
 The Garland's fate to thine shall be apply'd,
 And what advanc'd thy form shall check thy pride.
 Be wise, my Fair! the present hour improve, 25
 Let joy be now, and now a waste of love;
 Each drooping bloom shall plead thy just excuse,
 And that which shew'd thy beauty shew its use. 28



ON A LADY'S PICTURE.

TO GILFRED LAWSON, ESQ.

AS Damon Chloe's painted form survey'd,
 He sigh'd and languish'd for the jilting shade,
 For Cupid taught the artist-hand its grace,
 And Venus wanton'd in the mimic face.

Now he laments a look so falsely fair,
 And almost damns what yet resembles her;
 Now he devours it with his longing eyes,
 Now fated from the lovely phantom flies,
 Yet burns to look again, yet looks again and dies.

Her iv'ry neck his lips presume to kiss,
 And his bold hands the swelling bosom press;
 The swain drinks in deep draughts of vain desire,
 Melts without heat, and burns in fancy'd fire.

Strange pow'r of Paint! thou nice creator Art!
 What love inspires may life itself impart.
 Struck with like wounds of old Pygmalion pray'd,
 And hugg'd to life his artificial maid.
 Clasp, new Pygmalion! clasp the seeming charms,
 Perhaps ev'n now th' enliv'ning image warms,
 Destin'd to crown thy joys, and revel in thy arms;
 Thy arms, which shall with fire so fierce invade
 That she at once shall be and cease to be a maid.



TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

AT HIS COUNTRY SEAT.

TO Whitton's shades, and Hounslow's airy plain
 Thou, Kneller! tak'st thy summer flights in vain,
 In vain thy wish gives all thy rural hours
 To the fair villa, and well-order'd bow'rs;
 To court thy pencil early at thy gates 5
 Ambition knocks, and fleeting Beauty waits;
 The boastful Muse of others' fame so sure
 Implores thy aid to make her own secure:
 The Great, the Fair, and if aught nobler be,
 Aught more belov'd, the Arts solicit thee. 10

How canst thou hope to fly the world, in vain
 From Europe sever'd by the circling main,
 Sought by the kings of ev'ry distant land,
 And ev'ry hero worthy of thy hand?
 Hast thou forgot that mighty Bourbon fear'd 15
 He still was mortal till thy draught appear'd?
 That Cosmo chose thy glowing form to place
 Amidst her masters of the Lombard race?
 See on her Titian's and her Guido's urns
 Her falling arts forlorn Hesperia mourns, 20
 While Britain wins each garland from her brow,
 Her wit, and freedom first, her painting now.

Let the faint copier on old Tiber's shore,
 Nor mean the task, each breathing bust explore,
 Line after line with painful patience trace, 25
 This Roman grandeur, that Athenian grace;
 Vain care of parts: if, impotent of soul,
 Th' industrious workman fails to warm the whole,
 Each theft betrays the marble whence it came,
 And a cold statue stiffens in the frame. 30
 Thee Nature taught, nor art her aid deny'd,
 The kindest mistress, and the surest guide,

To catch a likeness at one piercing sight,
And place the fairest in the fairest light.
Ere yet thy pencil tries her nicer toils, 35
Or on thy palette lie the blended oils,
Thy careless chalk has half achiev'd by art,
And her just image makes Cleora start.

A mind that grasps the whole is rarely found ;
Half-learn'd, half-painters, and half-wits, abound. 40
Few like thy genius at proportion aim,
All great, all graceful, and throughout the same.

Such be thy life. O since the glorious rage
That fir'd thy youth flames unsubstid'd by age,
Tho' wealth nor fame now touch thy sated mind, 45
Still tinge the canvass, bounteous to mankind !
Since after thee may rise an impious line,
Coarse manglers of the human face divine,
Paint on till Fate dissolve thy mortal part,
And live and die the monarch of thy art. 50



ODES.

AN ODE,

*Occasioned by his Excellency the Earl Stanhope's Voyage
to France, 1718.*

“ Idem
“ Pacis eras mediufque belli.”

HOR.

I.

FAIR daughter once of Windsor's woods,
In safety o'er the rolling floods
Britannia's boast and darling care,
Big with the fate of Europe, bear!
May winds propitious on his way
The minister of peace convey,
Nor rebel wave nor rising storm,
Great George's liquid realms deform.

4

8

II.

Our vows are heard; thy crowded sails
Already swell with western gales,
Already Albion's coast retires,
And Calais multiplies her spires.
At length has royal Orleans prest
With open arms the well-known guest,
Before in sacred friendship join'd,
And now in counsels for mankind.

12

16

III.

Whilst his clear schemes our patriot shows,
And plans the threaten'd world's repose,
They fix each haughty monarch's doom,
And bleis whole ages yet to come.

20

Henceforth great Brunswick shall decree
 What flag must awe the Tyrrhene sea,
 For whom the Tuscan grape shall glow,
 And fruitful Arethusa flow.

24

IV.

See in firm leagues with Thames combine
 The Seine, the Maese, and distant Rhine;
 Nor, Ebro! let thy single rage
 With half the warring world engage:
 Oh! call to mind thy thousands slain,
 And Almanara's fatal plain,
 While yet the Gallic terrors sleep,
 Nor Britain thunders from the deep.

28

32

AN ODE,

Inscribed to the Earl of Sunderland, at Windsor.

I.

THOU Dome! where Edward first enroll'd
 His Red cross Knights, and Barons bold,
 Whose vacant seats by Virtue bought
 Ambitious emperors have sought,
 Where Britain's foremost names are found,
 In peace belov'd, in war renown'd,
 Who made the hostile nations moan,
 Or brought a blessing on their own,

4

8

II.

Once more a son of Spencer waits,
 A name familiar to thy gates,
 Sprung from the chief whose prowess gain'd
 The Garter while thy founder reign'd;
 He offer'd here his dinted shield,
 The dread of Gauls in Cressy's field,
 Which in thy high-arch'd temple rais'd
 For four long centuries hath blaz'd,

12

16

III.

These seats our fires, a hardy kind!
 To the fierce sons of War confin'd,
 The flow'r of chivalry! who drew
 With sinew'd arm the stubborn yew, 20
 Or with heav'd poleaxe clear'd the field,
 Or who in juffs and tourneys skill'd
 Before their ladies' eyes renown'd
 Threw horse and horseman to the ground. 24

IV.

In aftertimes as courts refin'd
 Our patriots in the list were join'd;
 Not only Warwick stain'd with blood,
 Or Marlborough near the Danube's flood, 28
 Have in their Crimson Crosses glow'd,
 But on just lawgivers bestow'd;
 These emblems Cecil did invest,
 And gleam'd on wise Godolphin's breast. 32

V.

So Greece ere arts began to rise
 Fix'd huge Orion in the skies,
 And stern Alcides fam'd in wars
 Bespangled with a thousand stars, 36
 Till letter'd Athens round the pole
 Made gentler constellations roll,
 In the blue heav'ns the Lyre she strung,
 And near the Maid the Balance * hung. 40

VI.

Then, Spencer! mount amid the band
 Where knights and kings promisc'ous stand.
 What tho' the hero's flames repress
 Burns calmly in thy gen'rous breast? 44

* Names of constellations.

Yet who more dauntless to oppose
 In doubtful days our homebred foes?
 Who rais'd his country's wealth so high,
 Or view'd with less desiring eye?

48

VII.

The sage who large of soul surveys
 The globe, and all its empires weighs,
 Watchful the various climes to guide,
 Which seas, and tongues, and faiths divide,
 A nobler name in Windsor's shrine
 Shall leave, if right the Muse divine,
 Than sprung of old, abhorr'd and vain,
 From ravag'd realms, and myriads slain.

52

56

VIII.

Why praise we, prodigal of fame,
 The rage that sets the world on flame?
 My guiltless Muse his brow shall bind
 Whose godlike bounty spares mankind.
 For those whom bloody garlands crown
 The brass may breathe, the marble frown;
 To him thro' ev'ry rescu'd land
 Ten thousand living trophies stand.

60

64



TRANSLATIONS.

PART OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF LUCAN.

CESAR having resolved to give battle to Petrejus and Afranius, Pompey's Lieutenants in Spain, encamped near the enemy in the same field. The behaviour of their seeing and knowing one another is the subject of the following verses.

THEIR ancient friends as now they nearer drew
Prepar'd for fight the wond'ring soldiers knew ;
Brother with brother in unnat'ral strife,
And the son arm'd against the father's life.
Curs'd Civil war ! then conscience first was felt, 5
And the tough vet'ran's heart began to melt.
Fix'd in dumb sorrow all at once they stand,
Then wave, a pledge of peace, the guiltless hand ;
To vent ten thousand struggling passions move,
The stings of nature and the pangs of love. 10
All order broken wide their arms they throw,
And run with transport to the longing foe.
Here the long-lost acquaintance neighbours claim,
There an old friend recalls his comrade's name ;
Youths who in arts beneath one tutor grew, 15
Rome rent in twain and kindred hosts they view.
Tears wet their impious arms, a fond relief !
And kisses broke by sobs the words of grief,
Tho' yet no blood was spilt each anxious mind
With horror thinks on what his rage design'd. 20
Ah ! gen'rous Youths ! why thus with fruitless pain
Beat ye those breasts ? why gush those eyes in vain ?
Why blame ye Heav'n, and charge your guilt on Fate ?
Why dread the tyrant whom yourselves make great ?
Bids he the trumpet sound ? the trumpet flight ; 25
Bids he the standards move ? refuse the fight.
Your gen'als left by you will love again
A son and father when they're private men.

Kind Concord, heav'nly born! whose blissful reign
 Holds this vast globe in one surrounding chain, 30
 Whose laws the jarring elements control,
 And knit each atom close from pole to pole,
 Soul of the world! and love's eternal spring!
 This lucky hour thy aid, fair Goddess! bring;
 This lucky hour, ere aggravated crimes 35
 Heap guilt on guilt and doubly stain the times:
 No veil henceforth for sin, for pardon none;
 They know their duty now their friends are known.
 Vain wish! from blood short must the respite be;
 New crimes by love enhanc'd this night shall see: 40
 Such is the will of Fate and such the hard decree.

'Twas peace. From either camp, now void of fear,
 The soldiers mingling cheerful feasts prepare;
 On the green sod the friendly bowls were crown'd,
 And hasty banquets pil'd upon the ground: 45
 Around the fire they talk; one shews his scars,
 One tells what chance first led him to the wars:
 Their stories o'er the tedious night prevail,
 And the mute circle listens to the tale.
 They own they fought, but swear they ne'er could
 hate, 50

Deny their guilt, and lay the blame on Fate:
 Their love revives to make them guiltier grow;
 A short liv'd blessing but to heighten woe!

When to Petreius first the news was told
 The jealous gen'ral thought his legions sold: 55
 Swift with the guards his headstrong fury drew
 From out his camp he drives the hostile crew,
 Cuts clasping friends asunder with his sword,
 And stains with blood each hospitable board.

Then thus his wrath breaks out: "Oh, lost to fame!
 "Oh, false to Pompey and the Roman name! 61
 "Can ye not conquer? ye degen'rate Bands!
 "Oh! die at least, it's all that Rome demands.
 "What! will ye own while ye can wield the sword
 "A rebel standard and usurping lord? 65

“ Shall he be su’d to take you into place
“ Amongst his slaves, and grant you equal grace?
“ What! shall my life be begg’d? inglorious thought!
“ And life abhorr’d on such conditions bought!
“ The toils we bear, my Friends! are not for life, 70
“ Too mean a prize in such a dreadful strife;
“ But peace would lead to servitude and shame,
“ A fair amusement and a specious name.
“ Never had man explor’d the iron ore,
“ Mark’d out the trench or rais’d the lofty tow’r, 75
“ Ne’er had the steed in harness fought the plain,
“ Or fleets encounter’d on th’ unstable main,
“ Were life, were breath, with fame to be compar’d,
“ Or peace to glorious liberty preferr’d.
“ By guilty oaths the hostile army bound 80
“ Holds fast its impious faith and stands its ground:
“ Are you perfidious who espouse the laws,
“ And traitors only in a righteous cause?
“ Oh shame! in vain thro’ nations far and wide
“ Thou call’st the crowding monarchs to thy side 85
“ Fall’n Pompey! while thy legions here betray
“ Thy cheap-bought life and treat thy fame away.”
He ended fierce: the soldier’s rage returns,
His blood flies upward and his bosom burns.
So haply tam’d the tiger bears his bands, 90
Less grimly growls, and licks his keeper’s hands;
But if by chance he tastes forbidden gore
He yells amain and makes his dungeon roar;
He glares, he foams, he aims a desp’rate bound,
And his pale master flies the dang’rous ground. 95
Now deeds are done which man might charge aright
On stubborn Fate or undiscerning Night,
Had not their guilt the lawless folders known,
And made the whole malignity their own.
The beds, the plent’ous tables, float with gore, 100
And breasts are stabb’d that were embrac’d before.
Pity a while their hands from slaughter kept,
Inward they groan’d, and as they drew they wept;

But ev'ry blow their wav'ring rage assures,
In murder hardens and to blood inures: 105
Crowds charge on crowds, nor friends their friends
descry,
But fires by sons and sons by father die.
Black monstrous rage! each with victorious cries
Drags his slain friend before the gen'ral's eyes,
Exults in guilt that throws the only shame
On Pompey's cause, and blots the Roman name. 111



DEDICATION.

WHEN I first entered upon this translation I was ambitious of dedicating it to the late Earl of Hallifax; but, being prevented from doing myself that honour by the unspeakable loss which our country hath sustained in the death of that extraordinary person, I hope I shall not be blamed for presuming to make a Dedication of it to his memory. The greatness of his name will justify a practice altogether uncommon, and may gain favour towards a work which (if it had deserved his patronage) is perhaps the only one inscribed to his Lordship that will escape being rewarded by him.

I might have one advantage from such a Dedication, that nothing I could say in it would be suspected of flattery; besides that the world would take a pleasure in hearing those things said of this great man now he is dead, which he himself would have been offended at when living. But though I am sensible so amiable and exalted a character would be very acceptable to the public, were I able to draw it in its full extent, I should be censured very deservedly should I venture upon an undertaking to which I am by no means equal.

His consummate knowledge in all kinds of business, his winning eloquence in public assemblies, his active zeal for the good of his country, and the share he had in conveying the supreme power to an illustrious family, famous for being friends to mankind, are subjects easy to be enlarged upon, but incapable of being exhausted. The nature of the following performance more directly leads me to lament the misfortune which hath befallen the learned world by the death of so generous and universal a patron.

He rested not in a barren admiration of the polite arts, wherein he himself was so great a master, but was actuated by that humanity they naturally inspire, which gave rise to many excellent writers, who have cast a light upon the age in which he lived, and will distinguish it to

posterity. It is well known that very few celebrated pieces have been published for several years, but what were either promoted by his encouragement, or supported by his approbation, or recompensed by his bounty: and if the succession of men who excel in most of the refined arts should not continue, though some may impute it to the decay of genius in our countrymen, those who are acquainted with his Lordship's character will know more justly how to account for it.

The cause of liberty will receive no small advantage in future times when it shall be observed that the Earl of Hallifax was one of the patriots who were at the head of it, and that most of those who were eminent in the several parts of polite or useful learning, were, by his influence and example, engaged in the same interest.

I hope, therefore, the public will excuse my ambition for thus intruding into the number of those applauded men who have paid him this kind of homage, especially since I am also prompted to it by gratitude for the protection with which he had begun to honour me, and do it at a time when he cannot suffer by the importunity of my acknowledgments.



TO THE READER.

I must inform the Reader, that when I begun this first boock I had some thoughts of translating the whole Iliad, but had the pleasure of being diverted from that design by finding the work was fallen into a much abler hand. I would not therefore be thought to have any other view in publishing this small specimen of Homer's Iliad than to bespeak, if possible, the favour of the public to a translation of Homer's Odysseis, wherein I have already made some progress.

THE
FIRST BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

ACHILLES' fatal wrath, whence discord rose
That brought the sons of Greece unnumber'd woes,
O Goddess sing. Full many a hero's ghost
Was driven untimely to th' infernal coast,
While in promisc'ous heaps their bodies lay 5
A feast for dogs and ev'ry bird of prey.

So did the fire of gods and men fulfil
His stedfast purpose and almighty will,
What time the haughty chiefs their jars begun,
Atrides King of Men and Peleus' godlike son. 10

What god in strife the princes did engage?
Apollo, burning with vindictive rage
Against the scornful King, whose impious pride
His priests dishonour'd and his pow'r defy'd;
Hence swift contagion by the god's commands 15
Swept thro' the camp and thinn'd the Grecian bands.

For wealth immense the holy Chryses bore
His daughters ransom to the tented shore:
His scepter stretching forth, the golden rod
Hung round with hallow'd garlands of his god, 20
Of all the host, of ev'ry princely chief,
But first of Atreus' sons he begg'd relief.

“Great Atreus' sons and warlike Greeks attend!
“So may th' immortal gods your cause befriend,
“So may you Priam's lofty bulwarks burn, 25
“And rich in gather'd spoils to Greece return,
“As for these gifts, my daughter, you bestow,
“And rev'rence due to great Apollo show,
“Jove's fav'rite offspring, terrible in war,
“Who sends his shafts unerring from afar.” 30

Thro'out the host consenting murmurs rise
The priest to rev'rence and give back the prize,

When the great King incens'd, his silence broke
In words reproachful, and thus sternly spoke :

“ Hence, Dotard ! from my sight, nor ever more 35

“ Approach, I warn thee, this forbidden shore,

“ Left thou stretch forth, my fury to restrain,

“ The wreath and sceptre of thy god in vain.

“ The captive maid I never will resign ;

“ Till age o’ertakes her, I have vow’d her mine : 40

“ To distant Argos shall the fair be led ;

“ She shall, to ply the loom and grace my bed.

“ Begone, ere evil intercept thy way :

“ Hence on thy life, nor urge me by thy stay.”

He ended frowning. Speechless and dismay’d 45

The aged sire his stern command obey’d.

Silent he pass’d amid the deaf’ning roar

Of tumbling billows on the lonely shore :

Far from the camp he pass’d, then suppliant stood,

And thus the hoary priest invok’d his god : 50

“ Dread Warrior with the silver bow ! give ear ;

“ Patron of Chrysa and of Cilla hear :

“ To thee the guard of Tenedos belongs ;

“ Propitious Smintheus ! oh redress my wrongs !

“ If e’er within thy fane, with wreaths adorn’d, 55

“ The fat of bulls and well fed goats I burn’d,

“ O hear my pray’r ! Let Greece thy fury know,

“ And with thy shafts avenge thy servant’s woe.”

Apollo hear’d his injur’d suppliant’s cry ;

Down rush’d the vengeful warror from the sky. 60

Across his breast the glitt’ring bow he flung,

And at his back the well-stor’d quiver hung :

(His arrows rattled as he urg’d his flight.)

In clouds he flew, conceal’d from mortal sight,

Then took his stand the well-aim’d shaft to throw ; 65

Fierce sprung the string, and twang’d the silver bow.

The dogs and mules his first keen arrow flew,

Amid the ranks the next more fatal flew,

A deathful dart ! The fun’ral piles around

For ever blaz’d on the devoted ground. 70

Nine days entire he vex'd th' embattled host,
 The tenth Achilles thro' the winding coast
 Summon'd a council by the queen's command
 Who wields heav'n's sceptre in her snowy hand :
 She mourn'd her fav'rite Greeks, who now enclose 75
 The hero, swiftly speaking as he rose :

“ What now, O Atreus' son ! remains in view
 “ But o'er the deep our wand'rings to renew,
 “ Doom'd to destruction, while our wasted pow'rs
 “ The sword and pestilence at once devours ? 80
 “ Why haste we not some prophet's skill to prove,
 “ Or seek by dreams ? (for dreams descend from Jove.)
 “ What moves Apollo's rage, let him explain,
 “ What vow withheld, what hecatomb unslain,
 “ And if the blood of lambs and goats can pay 85
 “ The price for guilt, and turn this curse away ?”

Thus he ; and next the rev'rend Calchas rose,
 Their guide to Ilion, whom the Grecians chose ;
 The prince of Augurs ! whose enlighten'd eye
 Could things past, present, and to come, descry ! 90
 Such wisdom Phœbus gave. He thus began,
 His speech addressing to the godlike man :

“ Me then commandst thou, lov'd of Jove ! to show
 “ What moves the god that bends the dreadful bow ?
 “ First plight thy faith thy ready help to lend, 95
 “ By words to aid me, or by arms defend ;
 “ For I foresee his rage, whose ample sway
 “ The Argian pow'rs and scepter'd chiefs obey.
 “ The wrath of kings what subject can oppose ? 99
 “ Deep in their breasts the smother'd vengeance glows,
 “ Still watchful to destroy. Swear, valiant Youth !
 “ Swear, wilt thou guard me, if I speak the truth ?”

To this Achilles swift replies : “ Be bold,
 “ Disclose what Phœbus tells thee uncontroll'd.
 “ By him, who list'ning to thy pow'ful pray'r 105
 “ Reveals the secret I devoutly swear.
 “ That, while these eyes behold the light, no hand
 “ Shall dare to wrong thee on this crowded strand ;

" Not Atreus' son, tho' now himself he boast
 " The King of Men and sov'reign of the host." 110
 Then boldly he. " Nor does the god complain
 " Of vows withheld or hecatombs unslain.
 " Chryseis to her awful fire refus'd,
 " The gifts rejected, and the priest abus'd,
 " Call down these judgments, and for more they call,
 " Just ready on the exhausted camp to fall, 115
 " Till ransom-free the damsel is bestow'd,
 " And hecatombs are sent to sooth the god,
 " To Chrysa sent. Perhaps Apollo's rage
 " Th' gifts may expiate, and the priest assuage." 120
 He spoke and sat ; when, with an angry frown,
 The chief of kings upstart'd from his throne.
 Disdain and vengeance in his bosom rise,
 Lour in his brow, and sparkle in his eyes ;
 Full at the priest their fiery orbs he bent, 125
 And all at once his fury found a vent.
 " Augur of ills (for never good to me
 " Did that most inauspicious voice decree)
 " For ever ready to denounce my woes,
 " When Greece is punish'd I am still the cause ; 130
 " And now when Phœbus spreads his plagues abroad
 " And wastes our camp, 'tis I provoke the god,
 " Because my blooming captive I detain,
 " And the large ransom is produc'd in vain.
 " Fond of the maid, my queen in beauty's pride, 135
 " Ne'er charm'd me more a virgin and a bride ;
 " Not Clytemnestra boasts a nobler grace,
 " A sweeter temper or a lovelier face ;
 " In works of female skill hath more command,
 " Or guides the needle with a nicer hand ; 140
 " Yet she shall go ; the fair our peace shall buy ;
 " Better I suffer than my people die :
 " But, mark me well, see instantly prepar'd
 " A full equivalent, a new reward :
 " Nor is it meet while each enjoys his share, 145
 " Your chief should lose his portion of the war ;

“ In vain your chief whilst the dear prize I boast
 “ Is wrested from me and for ever lost.”

To whom the swift pursuer quick reply'd,

“ Oh, sunk in avarice, and swol'n with pride ! 150

“ How shall the Greeks, tho' large of soul they be,

“ Collect their sever'd spoils, a heap for thee

“ To search a new, and cull the choicest share

“ Amid the mighty harvest of the war ?

“ Then yield thy captive to the god resign'd, 155

“ Assur'd a tenfold recompense to find,

“ When Jove's decree shall throw proud Ilion down,

“ And give to plunder the devoted town.”

“ Think not,” Atrides answer'd, “ tho' thou shine,

“ Graceful in beauty like the pow'rs divine, 160

“ Think not thy wiles, in specious words convey'd

“ From its firm purpose shall my soul dissuade.

“ Must I alone bereft sit down with shame,

“ And thou insulting keep thy captive dame ?

“ If as I ask the large-soul'd Greek's consent 165

“ Full recompense to give I stand content :

“ If not, a prize I shall myself decree

“ From him, or him, or else perhaps from thee,

“ While the proud prince despoil'd shall rage in vain.

“ But break we here ! the rest let time explain ; 170

“ Launch now a well-trimm'd galley from the shore,

“ With hands experienc'd at the bending oar ;

“ Enclose the hecatomb, and then with care

“ To the high deck convey the captive fair.

“ The sacred bark let sage Ulysses guide, 175

“ Or Ajax, or Idomeneus preside ;

“ Or thou, oh mighty man ! the chief shalt be,

“ And who more fit to sooth the god than thee ?”

“ Shameless, and poor of soul !” the prince replies,

And on the Monarch cast his scornful eyes, 180

“ What Greek henceforth will march at thy command

“ In search of danger on the doubtful strand ?

“ Who in the face of day provoke the fight,

“ Or tempt the secret ambush of the night ?

“ Not I be sure. Henceforward I am free, 185
 “ For ne’er was Priam’s house a foe to me.
 “ Far from their inroads in my pastures feed
 “ The lowing heifer, and the pamper’d steed.
 “ On Phthia’s hills our fruits securely grow,
 “ And ripen careless of the distant foe, 190
 “ Between whose realms and our Thessalian shore
 “ Unnumber’d mountains rise and billows roar.
 “ For thine and for thy baffled brother’s fame,
 “ Across those seas, disdainful Man! I came;
 “ Yet, Insolent! by arbitrary sway 195
 “ Thou talk’st of seizing on my rightful prey,
 “ The prize whose purchase toils and dangers cost,
 “ And giv’n by suffrage of the Grecian host.
 “ What town, when sack’d by our victorious bands,
 “ But still brought wealth to those rapacious hands?
 “ To me thus scorn’d contented dost thou yield 201
 “ My share of blood in the tumultuous field;
 “ But still the flow’r of all the spoil is thine;
 “ There claim’st thou most, nor e’er did I repine:
 “ Whate’er was giv’n I took, and thought it best, 205
 “ With slaughter tir’d, and panting after rest.
 “ To Phthia now, for I shall fight no more,
 “ My ships their crooked prows shall turn from shore.
 “ When I am scorn’d I think I well foresee
 “ What spoils and pillage will be won by thee.” 210
 “ Hence,” cry’d the monarch, “ hence without delay;
 “ Think not, vain man, my voice shall urge thy stay:
 “ Others thou leav’st to the great cause inclin’d:
 “ A league of kings thou leav’st and Jove behind.
 “ Of all the chiefs dost thou oppose me most; 215
 “ Outrage and uproar are thy only boast,
 “ Discord and jars thy joy. But learn to know
 “ If thou art strong, ’tis Jove has made thee so.
 “ Go at thy pleasure, none will stop thy way;
 “ Go, bid thy baseborn Myrmidons obey. 220
 “ Thou nor thy rage shall my resolves subdue;
 “ I fix my purpose and my threats renew.

" Since 'tis decreed I must the maid restore
 " A ship shall waft her to th' offended pow'r;
 " But fair Briseis, thy allotted prize,
 " Myself will seize, and seize before thy eyes,
 " That thou and each audacious man may see
 " How vain the rash attempt to cope with me."

225

Stung to the soul tumult'ous thoughts began
 This way and that to rend the godlike man.

230

To force a passage with his falchion drawn
 And hurl th' imperial boaster from his throne
 He now resolves; and now resolves again
 To quell his fury and his arm restrain.

While thus by turns his rage and reason sway'd,

235

And half unsheath'd he held the glitt'ring blade,
 That moment Juno, whose impartial eye
 Watch'd o'er them both, sent Pallas from the sky.

She flew, and caught his yellow hair behind,

(To him alone the radiant goddess shin'd :)

240

Sudden he turn'd, and started with surprise;

Rage and revenge flash'd dreadful in his eyes.

Then thus with hasty words: " O heav'nly-born!

" Com'st thou to see proud Agamemnon's scorn?

" But thou shalt see (my sword shall make it good)

245

" This glutted sand smoke with the tyrant's blood."

" To sooth thy soul," the Blueey'd maid replies,

" (If thou obey my voice) I left the skies.

" Heav'n's queen, who favours both, gave this command,

" Suppress thy wrath and stay thy vengeful hand;

250

" Be all thy rage in tauntful words exprest,

" But guiltless let the thirsty falchion rest.

" Mark what I speak. An hour is on its way

" When gifts tenfold for this affront shall pay.

" Suppress thy wrath, and Heav'n and me obey."

255

Then he: " I yield, tho' with reluctant mind:

" Who yields to Heav'n shall Heav'n propitious find."

The silver hilt close grasping, at the word

Deep in the sheath he plung'd his mighty sword.

The goddess turning darted from his sight,

260

And reach'd Olympus in a moment's flight.

But fierce Achilles, in a thund'ring tone,
 Throws out his wrath, and goes impetuous on:
 "Valiant with wine, and furious from the bowl,
 "Thou fierce-look'd talker with a coward soul! 265
 "War's glorious perils ever flow to share,
 "Aloof thou view'st the field, for death is there:
 "'Tis greater far this peaceful camp to sway,
 "And peel the Greeks at will who disobey;
 "A tyrant lord o'er slaves to earth debas'd, 270
 "For had they souls this outrage were thy last.
 "But thou my fix'd, my final purpose hear:
 "By this dread sceptre solemnly I swear
 "By this (which once from out the forest torn,
 "Nor leaf, nor shade shall ever more adorn, 275
 "Which never more its verdure must renew,
 "Lopp'd from the vital stem whence first it grew,
 "But giv'n by Jove the sons of men to awe,
 "Now sways the nations, and confirms the law,)
 "A day shall come when for this hour's disdain 280
 "The Greeks shall wish for me, and wish in vain;
 "Nor thou tho' griev'd the wanted aid afford,
 "When heaps on heaps shall fall by Hector's sword;
 "Too late with anguish shall thy heart be torn, 284
 "That the first Greek was made the public scorn."

He said; and mounting with a furious bound,
 He dash'd his studded sceptre on the ground;
 Then sat: Atrides eager to reply
 On the fierce champion glanc'd a vengeful eye.

'Twas then the madding monarchs to compose 290
 The Pylian prince, the smooth-speech'd Nestor, rose.
 His tongue dropp'd honey: full of days was he;
 Two ages past he liv'd the third to see,
 And his first race of subjects long decay'd
 O'er their sons sons a peaceful sceptre sway'd. 295

"Alas for Greece! (he cries,) and with what joy
 "Shall Priam hear, and ev'ry son of Troy,
 "That you the first in wisdom as in wars,
 "Waste your great souls in poor ignoble jars

- “ Go to! you both are young; yet oft’ rever’d
 “ Greater than you have the wise Nestor heard:
 “ Their equals never shall these eyes behold,
 “ Cæneus the just, Pirithous the bold,
 “ Exadius, Dryas, born to high command,
 “ Shepherds of men, and rulers of the land,
 “ Theseus unrivall’d in his fire’s abodes,
 “ And mighty Polypheme, a match for gods.
 “ They, greatest names that ancient story knows,
 “ In mortal conflict met as dreadful foes,
 “ Fearless thro’ rocks and wilds their prey pursu’d,
 “ And the huge double Centaur-race subdu’d. 305
 “ With them my early youth was pleas’d to roam
 “ Thro’ regions far from my sweet native home:
 “ They call’d me to the wars: no living hand
 “ Could match their valour, or their strength withstand;
 “ Yet wont they oft’ my sage advice to hear: 310
 “ Then listen both with an attentive ear.
 “ Seize not thou, King of Men, the beauteous slave,
 “ Th’ allotted prize the Grecian voices gave;
 “ Nor thou, Pelides, in a threat’ning tone, 320
 “ Urge him to wrath who fills that sacred throne,
 “ The King of forty kings, and honour’d more
 “ By mighty Jove than e’er was king before.
 “ Brave tho’ thou art, and of a race divine,
 “ Thou must obey a pow’r more great than thine: 325
 “ And thou, O King! forbear: myself will sue
 “ Great Thetis’ son his vengeance to subdue;
 “ Great Thetis’ valiant son, our country’s boast,
 “ The shield and bulwark of the Grecian host!”
 “ Wise are thy words, O Sire! (the King began,)
 “ But what can satiate this aspiring man? 331
 “ Unbounded pow’r he claims o’er humankind,
 “ And hopes for slaves I trust he ne’er shall find.
 “ Shall we because the gods have form’d him strong
 “ Bear the lewd language of his lawless tongue?” 335
 “ If aw’d by thee, the Greeks may well despise
 “ My name, (the prince precipitate replies.)

" In vain thou nodd'st from thy imperial throne ;
 " Thy vassals seek elsewhere, for I am none.
 " But break we here. The fair, tho' justly mine, 340
 " With sword undrawn I purpose to resign :
 " On aught beside, I once for all command,
 " Lay not, I charge thee, thy presumpt'ous hand :
 " Come not within my reach, nor dare advance,
 " Or thy heart's blood shall reek upon my lance." 345

Thus both in foul debate prolong'd the day ;
 The council broke each takes his sep'rate way :
 Achilles seeks his tent with restless mind,
 Patroclus and his train move slow behind.

Meantime a bark was haul'd along the sand ; 350
 Twice ten selected Greeks, a brawny band,
 Tug the tough oars at the great King's command.
 The gifts, the hecatomb, the captive fair,
 Are all intrusted to Ulysses' care.
 They mount the deck, the vessel takes its flight, 355
 Bounds o'er the surge, and lessens to the sight.

Next he ordains along the winding coast ;
 By hallow'd rites to purify the host :
 A herd of chosen victims they provide,
 And cast their offals on the briny tide : 360
 Fat bulls and goats to great Apollo die,
 In clouds the sav'ry steam ascends the sky.

The Greeks to Heav'n their solemn vows address,
 But dire revenge roll'd in the Monarch's breast.
 Obsequious at his call two heralds stand, 365
 To them in frowns he gives this harsh command :
 " Ye Heralds ! to Achilles' tent repair,
 " Thence swift the female slave Briseïs bear.
 " With arms if disobey'd myself will come :
 " Bid him resign her, or he tempts his doom." 370

The heralds tho' unwillingly obey ;
 Along the seat-beat shore they speed their way ;
 And now the Myrmidonian quarter pass,
 At his tent door they find the hero plac'd.
 Disturb'd the solemn messengers he saw ; 375
 They too stood silent with respectful awe

Before the royal youth : they neither spoke :
He guess'd their message, and the silence broke :

“ Ye Ministers of gods and men ! draw near ;
“ Not you but him whose heralds ye appear, 380
“ Robb'd of my right I blame. Patroclus, bring
“ The damsel forth for this disdainful King.
“ But ye my wrongs, O Heralds ! bear in mind,
“ And clear me to the gods and all mankind ;
“ Ev'n to your thoughtless King, if evermore 385
“ My aid be wanted on the hostile shore.
“ Thoughtless he is, nor knows his certain doom,
“ Blind to the past, nor sees the woes to come,
“ His best defence thus rashly to forego,
“ And leave a naked army to the foe.” 390

He ceas'd. Patroclus his dear friend obey'd,
And usher'd in the lovely weeping maid.
Sore sigh'd she as the heralds took her hand,
And oft' look'd back slow moving o'er the strand.

The widow'd hero, when the fair was gone, 395
Far from his friends sat bath'd in tears alone ;
On the cold beach he sat, and fix'd his eyes
Where black with storms the curling billows rise,
And as the sea wide-rolling he survey'd
With outstretch'd arms to his fond mother pray'd :
“ Since to short life thy hapless son was born, 401
“ Great Jove stands bound by promise to adorn
“ His stinted course with an immortal name.
“ Is this the great amends ? the promis'd fame ?
“ The son of Atreus, proud of lawless sway, 405
“ Demands, possesses, and enjoys, my prey.”

Near her old fire enthron'd she heard him weep
From the low silent caverns of the deep ;
Then in a morning mist her head she rears,
Sits by her son, and mingles tears with tears ; 410
Close grasps her darling's hand. “ My Son ! (she cries,)
“ Why heaves thy heart ? and why o'erflow thy eyes !
“ Oh ! tell me, tell thy mother all thy care, 413
“ That both may know it, and that both may share.”

“ Oh Goddess! (cry’d he with an inward groan,)
 “ Thou know’st it all; to thee are all things known:
 “ Eëtian Thebes we sack’d; their ranfack’d tow’rs,
 “ The plunder of a people, all was ours.
 “ We stood, agreed the booty to divide:
 “ Chryseïs, rosy-cheek’d and glossy-ey’d, 420
 “ Fell to the King; but holy Chryses bore
 “ Vast gifts of ransome to the tented shore:
 “ His sceptre stretching forth, (the golden rod
 “ Hung round with hallow’d garlands of his god,)
 “ Of all the host, of ev’ry princely chief, 425
 “ But first of Atreus’ sons, he begg’d relief.
 “ Thro’out the host consenting murmurs ran
 “ To yield her to the venerable man;
 “ But the harsh King deny’d to do him right,
 “ And drove the trembling prophet from his sight.
 “ Apollo heard his injur’d suppliant’s cry, 431
 “ And dealt his arrows thro’ th’ infected sky;
 “ The swift contagion sent by his commands
 “ Swept thro’ the camp, and thinn’d the Grecian bands.
 “ The guilty cause a sacred augur show’d, 435
 “ And I first mov’d to mitigate the god:
 “ At this the tyrant storm’d, and vengeance vow’d,
 “ And now too soon hath made his threat’nings good.
 “ Chryseïs first with gifts to Chrysa sent,
 “ His heralds came this moment to my tent, 440
 “ And bore Briseïs thence, my bounteous slave,
 “ Th’ allotted prize which the leagu’d Grecians gave.
 “ Thou, Goddess! then, and thou I know hast pow’r,
 “ For thine own son the might of Jove implore.
 “ Oft’ in my father’s house I’ve heard thee tell, 445
 “ When sudden fears on Heav’n’s great monarch fell,
 “ Thy aid the rebel deities o’ercame,
 “ And sav’d the mighty Thunderer from shame.
 “ Pallas, and Neptune, and great Juno, bound
 “ The fire in chains, and hemm’d their sov’rein round.
 “ Thy voice, O Goddess! broke their idle bands, 451
 “ And call’d the giant of the hundred hands,

- “ The prodigy whom heav’n and earth revere,
 “ Briareus nam’d above, *Ægeon* here :
 “ His father Neptune he in strength surpass’d ; 455
 “ At Jove’s right-hand his hideous form he plac’d,
 “ Proud of his might : the gods with secret dread
 “ Beheld the huge enormous shape and fled.
 “ Remind him then, for well thou know’st the art :
 “ Go clasp his knees, and melt his mighty heart. 460
 “ Let the driv’n Argians hunted o’er the plain,
 “ Seek the last verge of this tempest’ous main ;
 “ There let them perish, void of all relief,
 “ My wrongs remember, and enjoy their chief :
 “ Too late with anguish shall his heart be torn, 465
 “ That the first Greek was made the public scorn.”
 Then she (with tears her azure eyes ran o’er)
 “ Why bore I thee, or nourish’d when I bore ?
 “ Blest if within thy tent, and free from strife,
 “ Thou might’st possess thy poor remains of life ! 470
 “ Thy death approaching now the Fates foreshow ;
 “ Short is thy destin’d term and full of woe.
 “ Ill-fated thou ! and oh unhappy I !
 “ But hence to the celestial courts I fly,
 “ Where hid in snow to heav’n Olympus swells, 475
 “ And Jove rejoicing in his thunder dwells.
 “ Mean-time, my Son ! indulge thy just disdain,
 “ Vent all thy rage, and shun the hostile plain
 “ Till Jove returns. Last night my waves he cross’d,
 “ And sought the distant Ethiopian coast : 480
 “ Along the skies his radiant course he steer’d,
 “ Behind him all the train of gods appear’d,
 “ A bright procession ! To the holy feast
 “ Of blameless men he goes a grateful guest :
 “ To Heav’n he comes when twice six days are o’er,
 “ Then shall my voice the fire of gods implore ; 486
 “ Then to his lofty mansion will I pass,
 “ Founded on rocks of ever-during brass ;
 “ There will I clasp his knees with wonted art,
 “ Nor doubt, my Son ! but I shall melt his heart.” 490

She ceas'd, and left him lost in doubtful care,
And bent on vengeance for the ravish'd fair.

But safe arriv'd near Chrysa's sacred strand,
The sage Ulysses now advanc'd to land :
Along the coast he shoots with swelling gales, 495
Then lowers the lofty mast and furls the sails,
Next plies to port with many a well-tim'd oar,
And drops his anchors near the faithful shore.
The bark now fix'd amidst the rolling tide
Chryseis follows her experienc'd guide : 500

The gifts to Phœbus from the Grecian host,
A herd of bulls, went bellowing o'er the coast.
To the god's fane, high looking o'er the land,
He led, and near the altar took his stand,
Then gave her to the joyful father's hand. 505

“ All hail ! Atrides sets thy daughter free,
“ Sends off'rings to thy god, and gifts to thee ;
“ But thou entreat the pow'r whose dreadful sway
“ Afflicts his camp, and sweeps his host away.”

He said, and gave her. The fond father smil'd 510
With secret rapture, and embrac'd his child.

The victims now they range in chosen bands.
And offer gifts with unpolluted hands ;
When with loud voice and arms uprear'd in air,
The hoary priest preferr'd this pow'rful pray'r : 515

“ Dread Warrior with the silver bow ! give ear :
“ Patron of Chrysa and of Cilla hear !
“ About this dome thou walk'st thy constant round ;
“ Still have my vows thy pow'r propitious found :
“ Rous'd by my pray'rs ev'n now thy vengeance burns,
“ And smit by thee the Grecian army mourns. 520
“ Hear me once more, and let the suppliant foe
“ Avert thy wrath, and slack thy dreadful bow !”

He pray'd ; and great Apollo heard his pray'r.
The suppliants now their votive rites prepare ; 525
Amid the flames they cast the hallow'd bread ;
And heav'nward turn each victim's destin'd head,
Next slay the fatted bulls, their skins divide,
And from each carcass rend the smoking hide ;

On ev'ry limb large rolls of fat bestow,
 And chosen morsels round the off'rings strow;
 Mysterious rites! then on the fire divine
 The great high priest pours forth the ruddy wine;
 Himself the off'ring burns. On either hand
 A troop of youths in decent order stand;
 On sharpen'd forks obedient to the fire
 They turn the tasteful fragments in the fire,
 Adorn the feast, see ev'ry dish well stor'd,
 And serve the plenteous messes to the board. 539

When now the various feast had cheer'd their souls,
 With sparkling wines they crown the gen'rous bowls;
 The first libations to Apollo pay,
 And solemnize with sacred hymns the day:
 His praise in Io Pæans loud they sing,
 And sooth the rage of the far shooting king. 545
 At ev'ning thro' the shore dispers'd they sleep,
 Hush'd by the distant roarings of the deep.

When now ascending from the shades of night
 Aurora glow'd in all her rosy light,
 The daughter of the Dawn, th' awaken'd crew 550
 Back to the Greeks encamp'd their course renew.
 The breezes freshen; for with friendly gales
 Apollo swell'd their wide distended sails:
 Cleft by the rapid prow the waves divide,
 And in hoarse murmurs break on either side: 555
 In safety to the destin'd port they pass,
 And fix'd their bark with grappling halfers fast,
 Then dragg'd her farther on the dry land coast,
 Regain'd their tents, and mingled in the host.

But fierce Achilles, still on vengeance bent, 560
 Cherish'd his wrath, and madden'd in his tent.
 Th' assembled chiefs he shunn'd with high disdain,
 A band of kings, nor sought the hostile plain,
 But long'd to hear the distant troops engage,
 The strife grow doubtful, and the battle rage. 565

Twelve days were past, and now th' ethereal train,
 Jove at their head, to heav'n return'd again,

When Thetis from the deep prepar'd to rise
 Shot thro' a big-swol'n wave and pierc'd the skies.
 At early morn she reach'd the realms above, 570
 The court of gods, the residence of Jove.

On the top point of high Olympus, crown'd
 With hills on hills, him far apart she found
 Above the rest. The earth deneath display'd
 (A boundless prospect!) his broad eye survey'd. 575
 Her left hand grasp'd his knees, her right she rear'd,
 And touch'd with blandishments his awful beard;
 Then suppliant with submissive voice implor'd
 Old Saturn's son, the god by gods ador'd:

“If e'er by rebel deities oppress'd 580
 “My aid reliev'd thee, grant this one request.
 “Since to short life my hapless son was born,
 “Do thou with fame the scanty space adorn.
 “Punish the King of Men, whose lawless sway 584
 “Hath sham'd the youth, and seiz'd his destin'd prey.
 “A while let Troy prevail that Greece may grieve,
 “And doubled honours to my offspring give.”

She said; the god vouchsaf'd not to reply,
 (A deep suspense sat in his thoughtful eye.)
 Once more around his knees the goddesses clung, 590
 And to soft accents form'd her artful tongue:

“Oh! speak; or grant me or deny my pray'r:
 “Fear not to speak what I am doom'd to bear,
 “That I may know if thou my pray'r deny
 “The most despis'd of all the gods am I.” 595

With a deep sigh the Thund'ring pow'r replies;
 “To what a height will Juno's anger rise!
 “Still doth her voice before the gods upbraid
 “My partial hand that gives the Trojans aid.
 “I grant thy suit. But hence; depart unseen, 600
 “And shun the sight of heav'n's suspicious queen.
 “Believe my nod, the great the certain sign
 “When Jove propitious hears the pow'rs divine,
 “The sign that ratifies my high command
 “That thus I will; and what I will shall stand,” 605

This said, his kingly brow the fire inclin'd;
The large black curls fell awful from behind
Thick shadowing the stern forehead of the god:
Olympus trembled at th' almighty nod.

The goddess smil'd; and with a sudden leap 610
From the high mountain plung'd into the deep.

But Jove repair'd to his celestial tow'rs,
And as he rose uprose th' immortal pow'rs.
In ranks on either side th' assembly cast
Bow'd down, and did obeisance as he past. 615

To him enthron'd (for whispering she had seen
Close at his knees the Silverfooted queen,
Daughter of him who low beneath the tides
Aged and hoary in the deep resides)
Big with invectives Juno silence broke, 620

And thus opprobrious her resentment spoke:

"False Jove! what goddess whisp'ring did I see?

"O fond of counsels still conceal'd from me!

"To me neglected thou wilt ne'er impart

"One single thought of thy close cover'd heart."

To whom the fire of Gods and men reply'd: 626

"Strive not to find what I decree to hide;

"Laborious were the search, and vain the strife,

"Vain ev'n for thee, my sister and my wife.

"The thoughts and counsels proper to declare 630

"Nor god nor mortal shall before thee share;

"But what my secret wisdom shall ordain

"Think not to reach, for know the thought were vain.

"Dread Saturn's Son! why so severe?" replies

The goddess of the large majestic eyes 635

"Thy own dark thoughts at pleasure hide or show;

"Ne'er have I ask'd, nor now aspire to know.

"Nor yet my fears are vain, nor came unseen

"To thy high throne the silverfooted queen,

"Daughter of him who low beneath the tides 640

"Aged and hoary in the deep resides.

"Thy nod assures me she was not deny'd,

"And Greece must perish for a madman's pride.

To whom the god whose hand the tempest forms, 645
Drives clouds on clouds and blackens heav'n with storms,
Thus wrathful answer'd : " Dost thou still complain ?

" Perplex'd for ever, and perplex'd in vain !

" Should'st thou disclose the dark event to come

" How wilt thou stop th' irrevocable doom ?

" This serves the more to sharpen my disdain, 650

" And woes foreseen but lengthen out thy pain.

" Be silent then ; dispute not my command,

" Nor tempt the force of this superior hand,

" Lest all the gods around thee leagu'd engage

" In vain to shield thee from my kindled rage." 655

Mute and abash'd she sat without reply,
And downward turn'd her large majestic eye,
Nor further durst th' offended fire provoke :
The god's around him trembled as he spoke ;
When Vulcan for his mother sore distressed, 660
Turn'd orator, and thus his speech address :

" Hard is our fate if men of mortal line

" Stir up debate among the pow'rs divine,

" If things on earth stir up the blest abodes

" And mar th' ambrosial banquet of the gods ! 665

" Then let my mother once be rul'd by me,

" Tho' much more wise than I pretend to be :

" Let me advise her silent to obey,

" And due submission to our father pay ;

" Nor force again his gloomy rage to rise 670

" Ill tim'd, and damp the revels of the skies ;

" For should he toss her from th' Olympian hill,

" Who could resist the Mighty Monarch's will ?

" Then thou to love the Thund'rer reconcile,

" And tempt him kindly on us all to smile." 675

He said ; and in his tott'ring hands upbore
A double goblet fill'd and foaming o'er.

" Sit down, dear Mother ! with a heart content,

" Nor urge a more disgraceful punishment,

" Which if great Jove inflict, poor I, dismay'd 680

" Must stand aloof, nor dare to give thee aid,

" Great Jove shall reign for ever uncontroll'd :
 " Remember when I took thy part of old,
 " Caught by the heel he swung me round on high,
 " And headlong hurl'd me from th' ethereal sky : 685
 " From morn to noon I fell, from noon to night,
 " Till pitch'd on Lemnos, a most piteous sight!
 " The Sintiants hardly could my breath recall,
 " Giddy and gasping with the dreadful fall."

She smil'd ; and smiling her white arm display'd
 To reach the bowl her awkward son convey'd : 691
 From right to left the gen'rous bowl he crown'd,
 And dealt the rosy nectar fairly round.
 The gods laugh'd out unweary'd as they spy'd
 The busy skinker hop from side to side. 695

Thus feasting to the full they pass'd away
 In blissful banquets all the livelong day ;
 Nor wanted melody : with heav'nly art
 The Muses sung ; each Muse perform'd her part
 Alternate warbling, while the golden lyre 700
 Touch'd by Apollo led the vocal choir.
 The sun at length declin'd, when ev'ry guest
 Sought his bright palace, and withdrew to rest.
 Each had his palace on th' Olympian hill,
 A masterpiece of Vulcan's matchless skill. 705
 Ev'n he, the god who Heav'n's great sceptre sways,
 And frowns amid the lightning's dreadful blaze,
 His bed of state ascending lay compos'd ;
 His eyes a sweet refreshing slumber clos'd ;
 And at his side, all glorious to behold,
 Was Juno, lodg'd in her alcove of gold. 710



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